BRITANNIA and EVE

DAY RUSSELL
B. L. JACOT
S. P. B. MAIS
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. Horace found it necessary to chide the over indulgent with:—

"Hush friends, O cease
Your impious clamour; and for peace
Keep elbows resting still."

Schweppes*

Table Waters famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return with victory.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 2 AUGUST, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

WELL WORTH ASKING FOR

St Martin
'CHUNKY'
MARMALADE

"St. Martin 'CHUNKY' is as different as it is delicious, and while oranges are scarce public recognition of this makes demand embarassingly strong. Nobody longs more ardently than we for the day when there will be enough 'CHUNKY' again to give all marmalade connoisseurs as much as they want. Until then the best endeavours of our distributors and ourselves will be employed in apportioning restricted supplies with scrupulous fairness. So keep trying, keep enquiring — 'CHUNKY' is worth an effort."

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Ely, Horsted Keynes.

This cigarette satisfies

Cool, smooth and mild; of unequalled reputation, it is welcomed everywhere. Having no cork tip, it is called Craven PLAIN.

1/2—10 2/4—20

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EF P17

NO DOUBT WHICH IS THE BETTER WEAPON

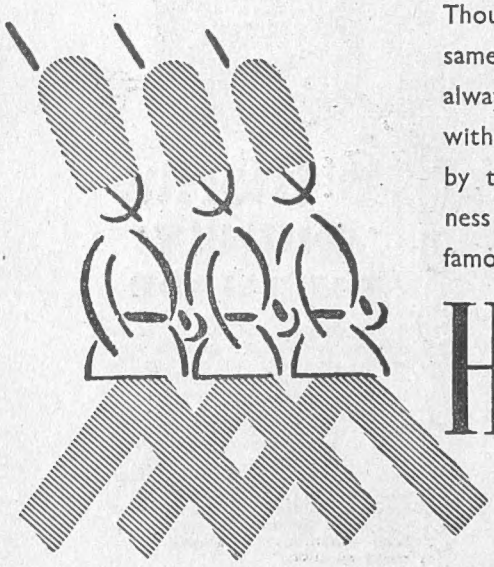
no doubt, either, which is the more necessary—to hasten the day when we can go forward to better times, new standards of living. When that day comes there will be new and better G.E.C. Electric Appliances to give you a fresh conception of the benefits and convenience of electricity in the home.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Always ready to serve...



Who deserves to be best fed today? . . . Correct! —that is where Heinz foods are going. But shoppers can still get some Heinz sometimes. Though there's not the same choice, you can always be sure that—within the limits imposed by the war—the goodness that has made Heinz famous will be maintained.

HEINZ

57 Varieties

Baked Beans — Soups — Salad Cream — Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON

IN olden times the weary traveller, stopping at the inn, would see the Skillet, which was placed over a wood fire and used for warming gravy. But in these times we have our efficient modern cookers, our convenient-sized saucepans—and, of course, our BISTO to make that thick, rich, delicious gravy unknown in former times, but so much appreciated to-day.

ah! **BISTO**

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

Meals out of doors will help you to enjoy this summer *more!*

THE good your food does you depends a lot on the way you live. Sunshine, fresh air, a happy atmosphere, sleep, an occasional change of surroundings — all play their part in what scientists call "nutrition."

Meals out of doors make a welcome change from routine; and give you an extra ration of vitamin D because the action of sunlight on the skin enables the body to make its own vitamin in addition to that which you get from food.

So get out of doors as much as you can this summer — even if it's mostly in the garden — and you will build up health for the winter as well as enjoy this summer more.

Camp Fire Cooking

This is one of the delights of childhood that even adults never grow out of. Frying sausages, baking potatoes in the hot embers of a fire — boiling the kettle for tea!

If you have a Scout or Guide in the family, they'll build the regulation fire. Or if you're ambitious, you may like to build a more permanent outdoor cooker (useful as a garden incinerator too).

You can get particulars of how to do this from your local W.V.S. Take care not to let any fire get out of control and, of course, make sure it's thoroughly out by black-out time.

Picnic Meals

Sandwiches are easier to make if, when spreading the margarine, you dip the knife in boiling water. Dried egg makes a good filling: use cold scrambled egg, or reconstituted egg steamed in small greased cups. When set, turn out and slice for your sandwiches.

Or make Scotch eggs by covering the steamed egg with sausage meat; then fry.

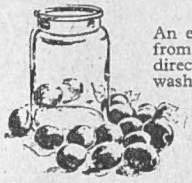
Salads make substantial meals if you add some canned or cooked fish or meat, or cold bacon, or grated cheese or egg. Serve with bread and butter or margarine and a milky drink.

Suggested Meals for Holidays at Home

A leaflet containing many useful tips and recipes gladly sent on receipt of postcard. Please ask for "Suggested Meals for Holidays at Home" and address Food Advice Division, Dept. 628A, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

Hot Meals, too

When you cook a hot meal indoors, choose one that can "take care of itself," so that you are not tied to the kitchen. For instance, a casserole main dish, root vegetables in a little water in covered baking dishes, and a milk pudding, can be left in a low oven without constant watching.

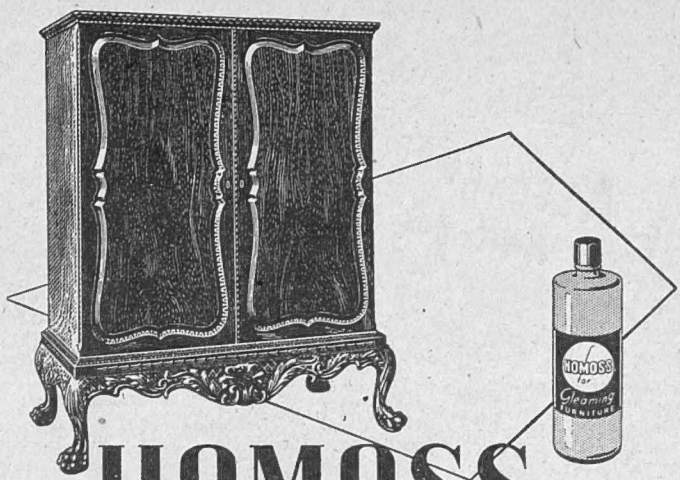


BOTTLE PLUMS — *THE COOL WAY*

An easy job for hot weather! Get Campden Preserving tablets from your chemist, and make cold water solution according to directions on the package. Choose sound, not over-ripe fruit; wash and dry and pack into clean dry bottles; then pour in the solution to come at least one inch above the fruit. Seal with any air-tight seal. When required for use, empty the fruit and liquid into saucepan, boil with lid off until smell of preservative has gone (about 20 minutes). Use as stewed fruit, for pies, etc., adding sugar to taste.

(S94A) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

GET THE BEST FROM
MAIN
YOUR MAIN GAS COOKER
Take this Tip...
CLEANING—Clean the oven whilst it is still warm. Wipe off the grease, wash and finally dry.



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FOR GLEAMING FURNITURE

Cleans and polishes at the same time. Quick working—labour-saving—gives a highly protective surface which resists finger-marks and gleams like satin.

PRICE 1/6 PER BOTTLE

If you have any problems of household cleaning or polishing, please write to Mrs. Mary Jordan (Dept. FP.7) at address below.

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Simmonds Products Ltd., *A Company of the Simmonds Group*, Gt. West Rd., London

TWICE *on Sundays?*

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1d. and 1/10½d. Sold everywhere.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Reg'd.)

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

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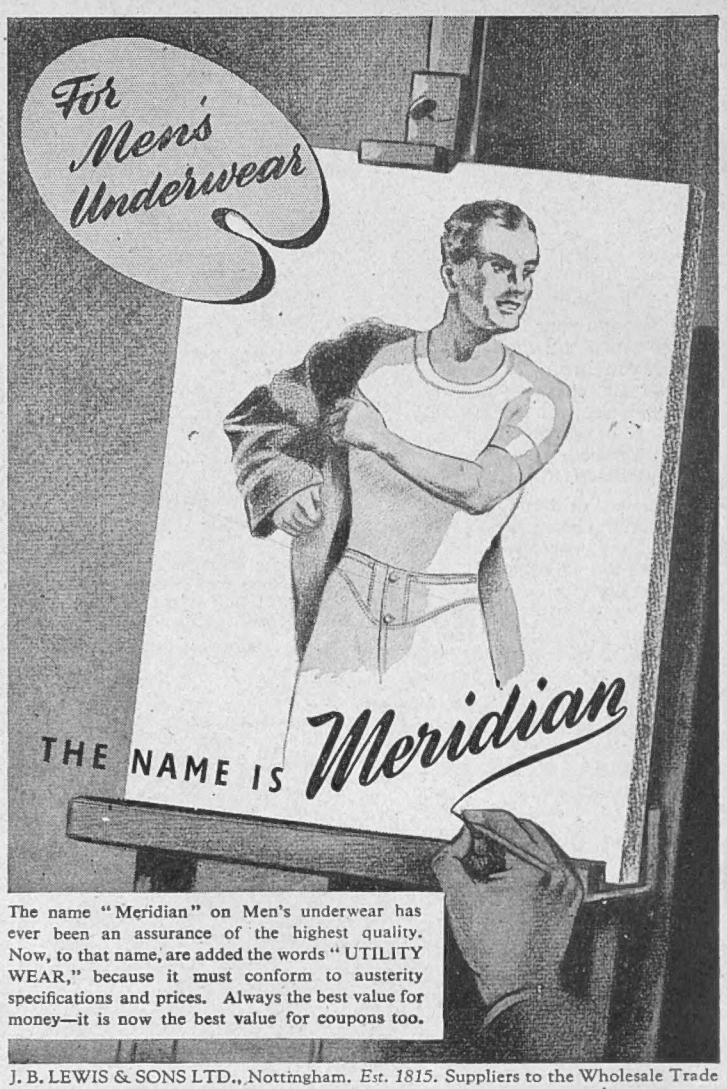
The Dorothy Gray preparations you are using today . . with such care . . are identical with those you used in pre-war days. The same fine quality ingredients are blended with the same meticulous care, to exactly the same formulas. Our pride in Dorothy Gray skin-care is such that had we not been able in any particular to maintain our standard, we should have withdrawn the preparations.

Dorothy Gray

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark



The name "Meridian" on Men's underwear has ever been an assurance of the highest quality. Now, to that name, are added the words "UTILITY WEAR," because it must conform to austerity specifications and prices. Always the best value for money—it is now the best value for coupons too.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Est. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

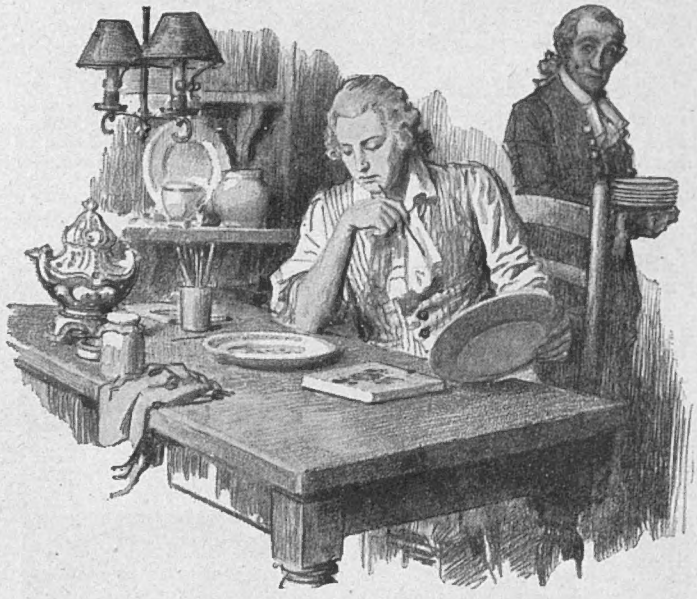
"JOSCELYN"

***A Tomorrow** will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.*

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

Each Shoe a Model Shoe—as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LIMITED



A hundred and fifty testing years confirm that Thomas Minton wrought better than he knew, when from his modest Pottery in 1793 he sent forth Minton China. Since then, generations of lovers of the fine and beautiful have 'blazed a trail' to Minton's door, making his name and artistry world-famous . . . Through all those years has stood a Minton at the helm, guiding and guarding a great tradition, lengthening devotedly the shadow of a gifted, single-hearted man.

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The World's Most Beautiful China

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The WHYS and the WHEREFORES of WOOL

The health protection which modern hygiene demands for underwear is a material which renders young bodies immune from the dangers of sudden changes in temperature. Pure Wool is the answer. Being highly durable it is the essential material for Babies' and Children's Underwear.

Chilprufe Underwear is made only from selected Pure Wool and the Special Process through which it passes develops its lovely softness, renders it unshrinkable and provides adequate warmth without undue weight. Chilprufe does not felt and never loses its shape.

Every garment receives the individual care of Specialists and is designed to give complete freedom of movement for young limbs, whilst Chilprufe workmanship and finish is the highest attainable.

For Infants and Young Children only.

CHILPRUFE

REGD

IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

A go-everywhere suit with the classic charm of Saxony herringbone tweed; yet with that note of originality for which Hershelle models are famed.

...look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

The Post-war Girl will find many exciting pages in her Book of Fashion. New hats, new frocks, and of course new foundation garments. No more austerity corsets! Instead there'll be the versatility of Youthlines—a model for every figure and each one a dream of elegance. We won't tantalise you with details now, but the name to remember is **Youthline**

GIRDLES CORSELETTES AND BRAS BY W.B

Thank goodness I always bought

VIYELLA HOUSE
DAY & NIGHT WEAR
NOTTINGHAM
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

'Viyella'

Regd.

Service Shirts

Cool when it's hot
—warm when it's not

'Viyella' and 'Clydella' women's service shirts—always paint-fresh, supremely washable and hard-wearing. In regulation Khaki, Air Force blue and white. Write for name of nearest stockist.

Confident Motherhood

Before Baby comes you make many preparations. Even in war time it is not difficult to knit pretty, dainty things.

So too you prepare for the possibility that you *may* not be able to feed him yourself. Well, in that case you will not hesitate. In those all important first weeks, only the best is good enough for *your* babe.

Your doctor will tell you you cannot go wrong with COW & GATE Milk Food. He knows it is England's finest milk, prepared with exquisite scientific care, rich in the necessary vitamins and the minerals that build bone and teeth and brain.

In the last quarter of a century COW & GATE has won fame all over the world as the best milk for baby when natural feeding fails. It will ensure your baby's future.

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

What does the name mean to you?

The unique arch bridge giving firm support to the outer arch of the foot is only one of the combination of special features that together make a world of difference between Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes and all others. These features are 'married' into every Arch Preserver last, itself the result of a lifetime study of foot shapes. Finally—and this is important—you will be fitted accurately. Remember the name—Selberite Arch Preserver. It identifies the only shoe in the world with *all* the features you need.

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER *Shoes*

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office), 17-18 OLD BOND ST., W.1

"Goodnight children everywhere"

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep — a cup of OXO and off to bed.

OXO

Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF

I've had a bit of luck!

...got a tin of *Nescafé*

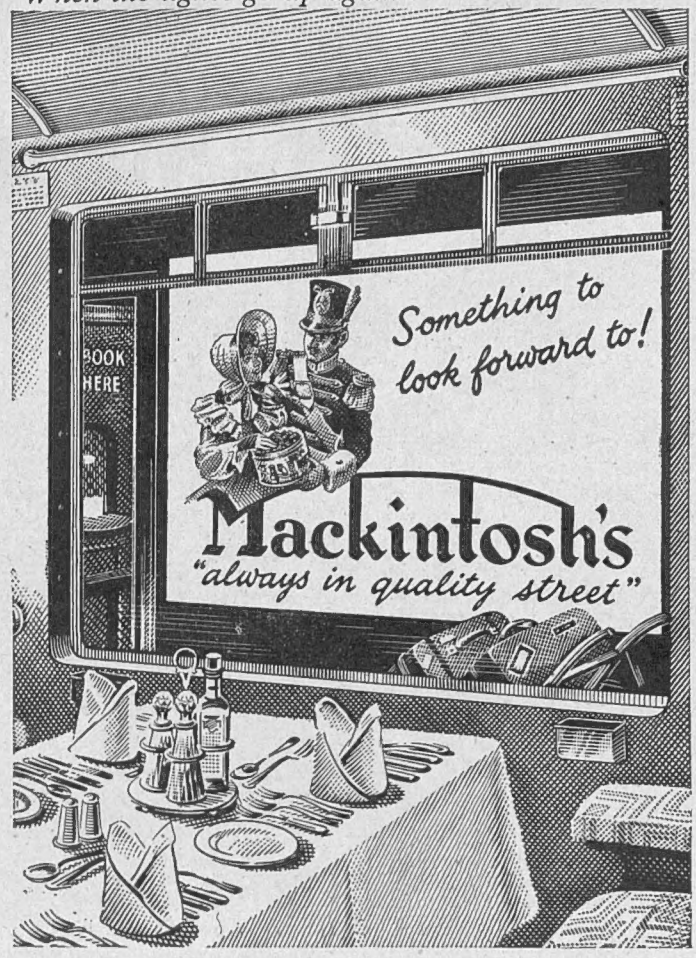
How nice to get off your feet and enjoy a refreshing cup of fragrant Nescafé! Made in a jiffy, right in the cup. No bother. No coffee-pot to empty and wash up! Overwhelming demand makes it impossible to supply all the Nescafé people want. However, available supplies are distributed fairly throughout the country; you may be lucky one day!

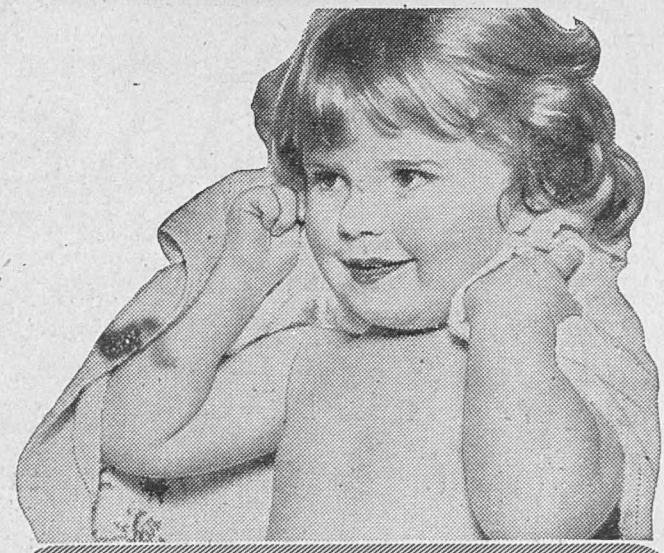
NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N.5B

"When the lights go up again!"





"I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION *Even behind my Ears!*"

Even the grubbiest little tomboy enjoys an "all-over" wash with Palmolive — that rich, velvety olive-oil lather is irresistible! And mothers encourage the Palmolive habit. They know it's the surest way to grow up "Schoolgirl Complexion" — from head to toe.

PALMOLIVE

4d. *Including Tax*

Traditional quality

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR

PAROZONE makes linens and cottons immaculately white

No other method is so simple or so sure. Simply soak the washed clothes overnight in the Parozone solution—a teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of *Cold* water—rinse and wring out in the morning, and they are ready to dry, snow white and fresh as the day they were bought.

AND PAROZONE IS USEFUL INDOORS AS WELL

For china, crystal and glass, plain white wood-work, enamelware—for sterilising and freshening the sink, the hand basin, drains and lavatory trap.

PAROZONE REG'D

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

FOR MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

Head Office, Glasgow.
Also at
London and Nottingham.

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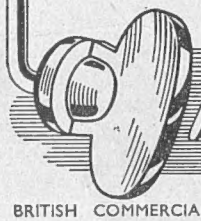
SERVES THE NEEDS OF WAR AND PEACE

The quick, flexible heat of gas has kept the wheels of war production turning. Its by-products have provided raw materials for hundreds of vital industries. But gas, while serving for victory, has planned to meet the needs of peace. The new gas-equipped kitchens will make sure that British housewives enjoy more comfort and leisure in their peacetime homes.



Meanwhile - Save GAS

BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, S.W.1. (26)

"What's yours is mine!"

Surely no wife would grudge a husband a share of her Elizabeth Arden Toothpaste? Once it was hers—and hers alone. Nowadays men too have discovered its excellence—how effectively it cleans the teeth and enlivens the gums, how cool it leaves the mouth. Because it banishes tobacco odour Elizabeth Arden Toothpaste is particularly recommended to smokers.

Elizabeth Arden

TOOTH PASTE

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

shoes by Lotus

To save Purchase Tax, Lotus are now making the bulk of their output to Utility requirements. But workmanship, finish and quality are of the regular Lotus standard.

PLEASE CHOOSE FROM STOCKS ON THE SHELVES DURING WARTIME

"Underarm perspiring is wrecking my career!"

"Bring Milton rinse to the rescue!"

Recipe for Milton rinse—1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. & 1/11½d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE ANTISEPTIC

*Write for booklet 'Married Wisdom,' enclosing 1d. stamp, to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.

Britannia & Eve
august 1944

The Commander sat on one of the solid iron bollards on the quay and pulled out his pipe. Johnny climbed up, taking the Commander's pipe as an invitation to talk

Use Your Brains

How the M.T.B.s Presented the R.A.F. With a Sitting Target

By

Day Russell

THERE was a stir in H.M.S. "Burke." Old Popeye had been down and had had something to say about the condition of the ship. H.M.S. "Burke" was the shore base of a flotilla of motor torpedo-boats, and Old Popeye was the Admiral commanding a number of such bases along a particular stretch of the English south coast. The gist of his complaint was that in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Drake hadn't waited on the pleasure of the King of Spain. He had sailed right into his home port and singed the royal beard.

Commander Richard Plumley, a youngish man with a great pride in his command, hinted that while he deprecated as much as the Admiral that the German E-boats seemed to be reserving themselves for the great day, the odds against smoking them out of their own harbours were a little too high in these days, when a harbour could be well protected by the innumerable and deadly devices of modern warfare.

"Dammit!" said Old Popeye. "Use your brains!"

That is a disturbing command to any man, but particularly to Commander Plumley, who, while regretting that a tin leg substituting for one lost in the Mediterranean kept him to shore duties, still had a great love for his flotilla. For risks taken, it had no equal along the coast.

But in view of the Admiral's attitude, mere efficiency and daring seemed to be inadequate, and the present stage of hostilities called for something else. After brooding in his swivel chair for a few moments, he pulled himself up, reached for his cap and walking-stick, and hobbled down to the harbour. He was glad to be away from his desk. It was one of those lovely mornings of early spring when small, woolly clouds drift across the sky and a thin, crisp sunshine fights to take the edge off a brisk breeze which, having laced the blue waters of the bay with white caps, is making the rags on the camouflage nets over the harbour flutter like the pennants of a regiment of lancers. That was what his boys were, the cavalry of the fleet—if the senior service could lower itself to use such a simile—death-or-glory boys engaged in an endless unpublicised series of raids, forays and interceptions. They had driven the Hun back into his lairs and now Old Popeye wanted them to go in and worry him out.

He walked along the harbour wall, hearing the sharp cries of the gulls as they whirled in the breeze, fighting over bits of offal floating on the ruffled water of the small harbour.

Then he saw Pendleton, the Canadian, in overalls, smudged and greased up as much as any of his men. He didn't know whether it was quite a good thing for Pendleton to pitch into his boat with such fervour, but he could hardly argue against Pendleton on the point. Pendleton, Lieut. John Pendleton to the Paymaster, but Johnny to everyone else, had recently inherited the leadership of the flotilla and, as he put it, if the success of the flotilla depended on the way his ship functioned, then he, Johnny, was going to see that it did, and take no alibis from engineer or junior officers.

"Hullo, sir!" Johnny's voice came up from the deck with a cheery assurance. "We're giving the old girl a spring cleaning so. I'll know she'll behave while I'm away."

The Commander frowned. "Oh, yes, I was forgetting, you're taking a seven-day, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, you thought it might be a good idea to get it over before things start picking up for the invasion."

The Commander sat on one of the solid iron bollards on the quay and pulled out his pipe. Johnny wiped his hands on some waste, gave a few orders to the others and then climbed up, taking the Commander's pipe as an invitation to talk.

"The Admiral drove through the harbour on his way up to see me."

Johnny grinned and his white teeth shone in his smudged face. "Maybe he hoped to catch us napping."

There was another salvo from the shore and from Johnny's boat there came a flash, followed by a cloud of smoke. Then the other boats swung into line astern and crossed Johnny's bow as if laying a smoke-screen

" He didn't ? "

" How could he ? Fuel tanks full, ammunition lockers complete, all boats ready for sea at a moment's notice."

" He seems to think we should be doing something more than waiting for the Hun to come out."

" Suits me," said Johnny. " But what ? If Jerry won't, and is sitting tight holding his punch for the invasion, what can we do ? "

The Commander frowned, " Dammit, use your brains ! "

" I see the point, sir."

The Commander smiled, " That was what Old—I mean, the Admiral said."

" Think I 'd better put off my leave, sir ? "

He didn't want to, because, besides the problem of the Hun, he had another private battle on his mind. He had been invited to spend his leave with a family of three, father, mother and daughter, and he had the feeling, unless he followed up the initial advantages he had gained in the affections of the daughter, that he stood a very good chance of losing her to the Air Force and with her all his hopes of living happily ever afterwards. The brother of the girl was away in the Air Force and had an annoying habit of sending his friends to the family.

Commander Plumley noted the distracted expression on Pendleton's face. The boy deserved and needed a spot of leave.

" Not at all," he said. " Get a good rest and come back with some ideas."

Nevertheless, it was a pensive naval lieutenant, spruce in his blues, who arrived at the Lumsden house in a London suburb. He arrived at teatime, to find a couple of Air Force men looking at Dorothy's fair hair and into her steady grey eyes, trying to persuade her that the Navy was a worthy but somewhat stodgy service, that its men were definitely splendid, but as permanent partners for a girl like herself they were too much at sea. In spite of this flanking attack Dorothy rose to meet Johnny with unmistakable signs of love in her eyes. Johnny's eyes, with a faint line of worry between them, missed the expression in Dorothy's eyes, looked at the two Air Force men and developed a twinge of jealousy. The twinge became a definite symptom when he learned that the two Air Force men were her brother's friends, and were staying for the week-end.

The first outburst came that night. Johnny had wanted to take Dorothy out of the family circle for a quiet dinner, a show and a heart-to-heart talk. But her duty to the other guests forbade such an easy way out.

Johnny retired into one of his stubborn moods.

" But you do understand, don't you ? " Her voice was very patient.

" I can't say that I do," replied Johnny shortly. She had cornered him in the kitchen, where he had holed out on the excuse of making some rum punch.

" After all, they are Dick's friends, and I have some obligation."

" Quite ! "

" But Johnny, you have seven days, they have only the week-end."

" That is no reason why I should play Blind Man's Buff with the Babes in the Wood."

" Johnny, they are fighter pilots."

" Glamour boys ! "

She was very patient and it was obvious that she would make him an ideal wife if she could stand his moods.

" I think," said Dorothy firmly. " It was quite unnecessary for you at dinner to bring up that point about E-boats the way you did."

Johnny's stubbornness stiffened. " Well, isn't it right ? These Air Force people talk about their speed, and they dive their hands in fancy manœuvres, but when it comes to an E-boat twisting at forty-five miles an hour they can't do a thing."

" I think their explanation is perfectly good. I don't see how an aircraft going at three hundred can possibly hit a twisting target going at forty-five."

" No ? We can hit their aircraft with our ack-acks. What they want is a sitting duck, and the only place the E-boats sit is in their pens, under slabs of concrete that bombs can't bust." Then suddenly Johnny seemed to go into a trance. " Sitting ducks ? " he muttered to the air in general.

Dorothy's patience was beginning to wear thin. She didn't mind tackling his obstinacy, but she did not like to feel that his mind was at the same time distracted by other things. "Oh, Johnny, use your brains!"

Johnny almost jumped. "Use my brains!"

"I wish you would forget your motor-boats for at least one evening. It is not a very satisfying feeling to share a man with a motor-boat."

"Sorry, darling, but—well, I have something on my mind and it keeps getting in the way."

A flutter of concern crossed Dorothy's eyes.

"Johnny, you aren't in any trouble?"

"Trouble? There's always trouble. First, it is Old Popeye and then——"

"Me?"

"No, these blasted Air Force people doing their fifth-column work on a fellow's girl."

Dorothy smiled. He was jealous, that was all. He needed his fur stroked the right way.

"Tell me, Johnny. Old Popeye, he's the Admiral, isn't he?"

"Yes, he was around yesterday and didn't seem very pleased. Look out, here's the Air Force barging in."

The two pilots came into the kitchen arm-in-arm, smiling all over their faces. "We object to the Navy hogging the hostess. In fact, we decided to take matters in our own hands and dig you out." They both laughed again. "An old Air Force custom, you know, dig 'em out."

Johnny Pendleton did not seem put out by this arrogance. He merely rubbed one hand across his brow and repeated their last words. "Dig 'em out . . . dig 'em out."

The Air Force raised eyebrows at one another and Dorothy looked concerned. "You're sure you are well, John?"

"He's all right," said one of the Air Force men. "He just wants waking up." The two of them converged on Johnny suddenly and with quick, concerted action roughed up his hair, and before he could retaliate they had dashed out of the kitchen. The honour of the Navy was at stake, and Johnny was after them in a flash. Dorothy shrugged her shoulders: she was used to horseplay, but she wasn't conditioned for the crash that echoed from the hall. She dashed out and saw Johnny sprawled on the floor, with the last remnant of his dignity gone and the two Air Force boys laughing to split their sides.

"What on earth——"

Then she stared at Johnny. So did the two pilots, and the laughter faded away. Johnny was sitting staring at the broken ends of the string which the pilots had tied across the door to trip him as he chased them. It was schoolboy play, but none of them were very far from schooldays.

But Johnny's reaction had not been normal. He was sitting there as if dazed. Dorothy ran to him quickly, and the two pilots became uncomfortably silent.

But Johnny pushed Dorothy aside and climbed slowly to his feet. "A sitting duck," he muttered. "There I was, a sitting duck and the Air Force blasting at me."

Then, just as suddenly, his mood changed. He hugged Dorothy, who was completely confused. Then he grabbed the two pilots by the arms. "Let's go into the kitchen and have a drink. I've got it, by golly, I've got it! Use your brains, that's what they said." He turned to Dorothy as he steered the confused Air Force into the kitchen. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——"

That was the last Dorothy saw of him for about an hour, or of the other two. She retired to the drawing-room, where her father and mother asked what the crash had been. Johnny's obstinate mood had disappeared, but it had descended on Dorothy. She was tired of playing second fiddle to a motor torpedo-boat.

The last straw came when he came into the drawing-room, cap in hand and coat on arm, apologising profusely to her parents.

"Forgive me, please. I've just got time to catch the ten o'clock train out. I have to get back."

"But you've just come for a week." Dorothy's mother looked from Johnny to Dorothy and back again.

"I know." With no more explanation he turned to Dorothy. "Come with me to the station and I'll tell you."

He was crisp and alert now, quite different from the moody boy of the early evening. But Dorothy had had enough.

"I don't think you need bother."

"Come on. I'll be back soon."

"I don't think you need come back."

The effect of those careless words was like a shock. Both the Air Force men looked at Johnny queerly and Johnny went pale. Dorothy's mother caught the significance behind their expressions. "Dorothy!" she cried.

Then Dorothy herself saw the point. Hadn't Johnny told her he was a flotilla leader because the last one had not come back from a mission. She jumped up and ran to the door, but Johnny was striding out of the door and had disappeared into the black-out and did not reply to her call. Up in his room his things were there just as he had unpacked them. A terrible bleakness descended upon her until she found herself driven out to send a telegram to meet him on his arrival back at the base:

I love you. Please come back.

A FEW days later a flotilla of motor torpedo-boats executed an audacious action. Led by Lieut. Johnny Pendleton, they cut across the bay in line astern, feathering a long white curve of spray from their bows. It was a pretty sight, and Commander Plumley swore at his game leg which kept him ashore, and prayed under his breath for his crews. It was a crazy idea of Pendleton's, but Old Popeye had been delighted, and had gone to great trouble to arrange the required air co-ordination.

Straight across the English Channel the flotilla sped at cruising speed, headed for the little fishing village of Bileau, an E-boat base which had been strangely inactive for some weeks. That there were E-boats there had been established by reconnaissance, and the assumption was that they were

With no more explanation Johnny turned to Dorothy: "Come with me to the station and I'll tell you."
"I don't think you need bother," she replied.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

being hoarded for the invasion day, being held for purely defensive action.

The flotilla of M.T.B.s ploughed steadily through a comparatively calm sea, quite sure that as soon as they came in sight of the enemy coast they would be under close observation. They were also sure that there would be no air interference; it had diminished greatly during the past months. It was also fairly sure that there would not be any considerable fire from the coastal guns, for the Hun would not reveal his major gun positions for the sake of a flotilla of M.T.B.s. Also it seemed from the experience of the past weeks that the E-boats would make no attempt to interfere unless it could be done without risk. Johnny Pendleton was going to give them just that kind of chance.

As his flotilla came within gun-range of the coast, Johnny gave the signal and his flotilla swung into line abreast and opened up to full speed, with great sweeps of V-shaped spray. To an observer ashore it would have appeared as if some death or glory venture of special significance were being dared. On board the M.T.B.s the crews were tense. They knew the minor coastal batteries would fire. It just depended on how long they held their fire. If they held it too long it would mean possible annihilation and the failure of the scheme. It was useless to operate the scheme too near the shore. There were several more tense seconds and then a battery of shore guns opened fire. There were distant flashes, a tense moment, and then great columns of water as the shells fell short. There was a signal, and the boats began to zigzag with beautiful precision. There was another salvo from the shore and from Johnny's boat there came a flash, followed by a cloud of smoke. Then the other boats swung into line astern and crossed Johnny's bow as if laying a smoke-screen. They did, but also from their sterns they peeled out long lines of thin wire cables with green glass floats every few feet. Another salvo of shells came over and then, as in a flurry of disorganisation, the boats scattered and set off for home, leaving Johnny's boat smoking heavily. Another explosion seemed to envelop another boat of the flotilla and that, too, when the smoke cleared, seemed to be limping home, while the others fast disappeared over the horizon.

Johnny Pendleton, red-eyed from his display of fireworks, watched the distant mouth of the harbour tensely. A sitting duck, that was what he was, not only *(Continued on p. 52)*

The More It Changes

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

AT home there was a first-class demobilization flare-up. Men took french leave

THE argument started with my somewhat liverish contemporary telling a brace of youth that they spoke and thought altogether too big. "You people, with all your wonderful notions of what you're going to do!" he derided. "Peace will find you discussing the same things that we did a generation ago. And probably doing as much about them!"

Now, the tendency was to interject: "Oh, come, come!" How could the same things grip both generations, considering all the change there had been? Surely the next restart would have a very different springboard and scenic background to 1919's?

The tendency was to say that. Yet, after skimming through a newspaper file for the first four months of 1919, I found there was a good deal in what my liverish friend had said. But, judge for yourselves.

Directly after the armistice, there was an election in which our Man Who Won the War straddled the picture. These were the six leading points of Lloyd George's programme:—

The trial of the Kaiser.

The punishment of those responsible for atrocities.

The fullest indemnity from Germany.

Britain for the British, both socially and industrially.

Rehabilitation of those broken in the war.

The abolition of conscription in Britain and throughout the world.

The main issue was conscription. After that the headlines shouted: "More houses must be built for the men when they come back" and "What will become of women in the new order?" Conscription was defeated and 1919 opened with pæans to L.G. who had been given a mandate to create a new Britain. Leading articles hailed unity at home and peace abroad. There must be cheap housing with less drudgery, and land settlement for soldiers and also for land girls. Industry must be restored and vast schemes of land reclamation and national electrification were clamoured for. Good wages alike for men and women, and labour taking part of the profits were other highlights.

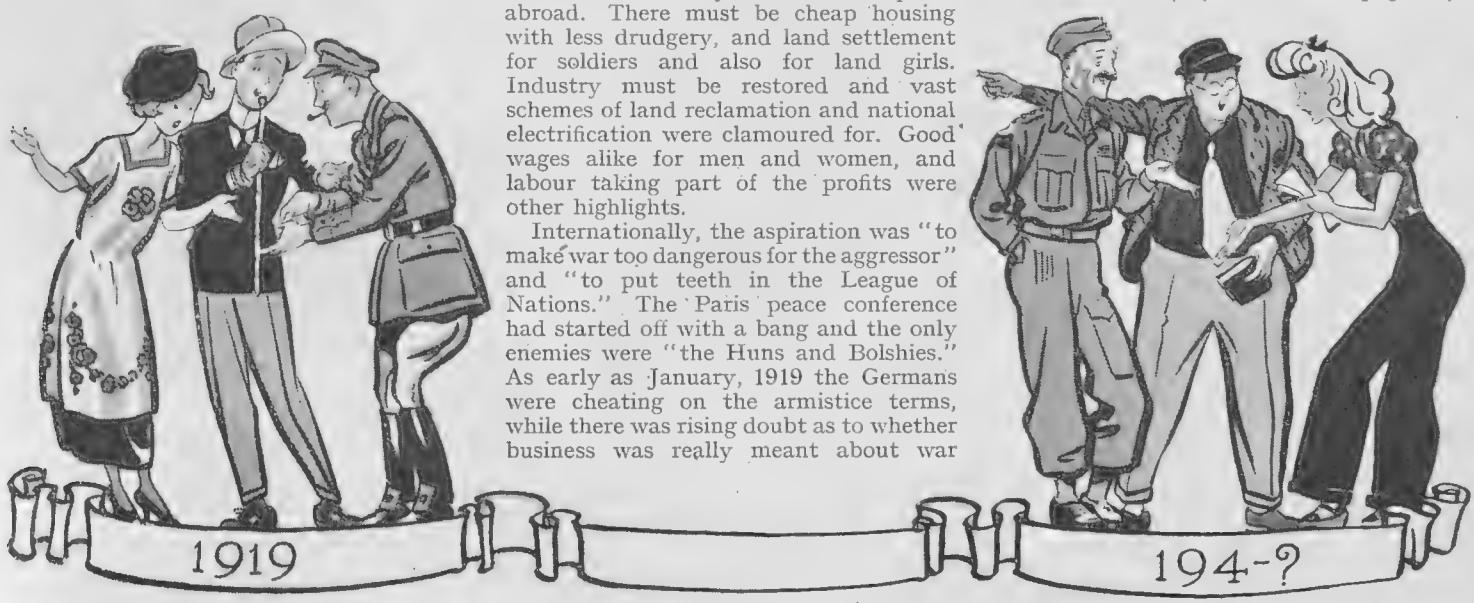
THE churches were "much worried by the growth of spiritualism"

Internationally, the aspiration was "to make war too dangerous for the aggressor" and "to put teeth in the League of Nations." The Paris peace conference had started off with a bang and the only enemies were "the Huns and Bolshies." As early as January, 1919 the Germans were cheating on the armistice terms, while there was rising doubt as to whether business was really meant about war guilt. Another tense debate hinged on "equality of war bills."

"The idol of France," Clemenceau, was shot. The peace conference languished then blew in bitter squalls. There was widespread demand to "hurry the peace." Wilson sailed back to Boston and declared that there would be "utter darkness if we part" — meaning the principal Allies. Day by day, banner headlines alternated between the peacemaking and violence round Europe —in Russia, Hungary, Germany, right and left. A continent upon which war and its aftermath died slowly and reluctantly. Much talk of fashioning "a lasting security."

Meanwhile, at home, there was a first-class demobilization flare-up. Men took french leave; clamoured against "girls who've taken our jobs." Leading articles inveighed against "brainless demobbing" and matters only calmed down

(*Continued on page 62*)



"PEACE will find you discussing the same things that we did a generation ago. And probably doing as much about them!"

"See You

A view of Paris on a fine morning, taken through the girders of the Eiffel Tower, with the dome of the Invalides, tomb of Napoleon, rising on the left

The cathedral of Notre Dame as seen from the River Seine

(On right) A peace-time view of the Rue de Rivoli, with crowds of shoppers, and the Hotel de Ville

IT was one of those Paris mornings, fresh and gay, when if you can't get a table on the terrace of the Ritz for lunch, you go out to the Armenonville on the edge of the Bois—if you're a German or a collaborator, which is the same as saying if you have the price, a thousand francs these days, without wine, and a car or the use of one.

Corinne Luchaire picked up her white telephone with the gold bands round the grip. She rang a private number. "*Bon jour, Otto chéri,*" she began, when she heard the receiver lift the other end. "It is a lovely morning to lunch together, eh?"

But a voice replied—and it was not at all like the throaty baritone of Ambassador Otto Abetz, sometime teacher of French, subsequently Ribbentrop's pet, and latterly Nazi Ambassador in Paris: "Lady, Otto doesn't live here any more."

Corinne sat up in her Schiaparelli nightie.

"Ou eez zat?"

"This is Bill Smith, mum, corporal of the guard at this dump since dawn to-day. If you're one of Otto's girl friends, you'd better 'op it quick, while the 'opping's good. We're neutral 'cept for Nazis, but them de Gaulle boys are scorchin' on our 'eels, and, blimey, I wouldn't like 'em to catch up on any girl o' mine wot's been playing around with the Jerries."

It won't happen quite that way, we agreed—a bunch of British and American correspondents about to disperse, and making tentative dates but firm bets on when we would see one another in Paris—but that would be about the gist of it. And we wondered what the city we had all known in other days would be like, both after the German evacuation, and in the enigmatic and not necessarily peaceful and happy days to come.

For Paris, France, died when the grey-green columns rode, marched and rumbled down the boulevards on the sunny morning of June 14, 1940, and hung the swastika flag high on the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower, established military headquarters in the Hotel Crillon, installed the Propaganda Ministry, French branch, on two floors of the National City Bank building at 52 Champs-Elysées, and staged a victory parade in the Place de la Concorde.

But capital cities have more lives than the men who for a while sleep in the master's bedroom of the palace, and for a brief hour tenant the high-backed chair behind the rococo desk in the minister's room of the government buildings. And Paris, a feminine city, charming and inconstant, has died and been reborn so often since its first rampart was pierced by its first land and water gates, that the process has become more like a sloughing of skins, than death and rebirth and death again.

A new garish Paris arose from the dust of the jackboot heels, a "gay" city of fêting conquerors and servile collaborating conquered. Laval, Deat and Doriot imagined this Paris would outlive their own lives, and Hitler saw it as a thousand-year-long ribbon enlivening the tail of a world-ruling Third Reich. But only four years after its birth, it suffered its first heart attack. The date was D-Day.

This time it looks as though there might be more than a sloughing of skins, for although the Pétainists talked of "making over" France, the men around de Gaulle, if they ever get their stubborn teeth into the real power, mean to do just that. And Paris *is* France.

It therefore looks like being some time before we know whether "See you in Paris"—that pre-war international date, tossed between people parting at car, train, or plane, street or salon, bar, boudoir or boat—retains its old magic, its gay and lark-like note.

I first heard the line when a French liaison officer, whose name I forget, invited my company commander and myself to Paris as a man invites one to his home. He was leaving overnight from the tank camp above Le Tréport; we, next morning; and I recall his faint surprise when, in response to his: "See you in Paris," called back from his little Citroën, I yelled: "Where?" He braked and replied: "Ritz bar." That was twenty-seven years ago, and I was young. We took rooms at the Continental because the Ritz was full, and that evening the Boche came over and dumped a bomb in the Ministry of Justice and wrecked that half of the Ritz which uses the Ministry to lean on.

I took a liking to the roomy, fusty old Continental after that, and always lodged there during stays in Paris.

It was a good introduction to Paris, because this man, who was in the wine trade, knew her as a woman knows her face. After the one meeting in the Ritz bar, we did not return. "There are Ritzes in every city," shrugged the Parisian.

I remember a Charolaix porterhouse, or it might have been a Châteaubriant, at the

The swastika flag flying over the Hotel Crillon just after German troops entered Paris on June 14, 1940

(On left) German troops marching on the famous boulevard, the Champs-Elysées, with the Arc de Triomphe in the background

In Paris..."

What Will the "Gay City" be Like After the German Evacuation and in the Enigmatic and not Necessarily Peaceful and Happy Days to Come?

By
C. Patrick Thompson

Josephine Baker, the Folies-Bergère star, who celebrated her twenty-first birthday by signing a £600-a-week contract

(On right) Gaby Delys, whose myth in her heyday was almost as fabulous and false as Hitler's

Cochon d'Or, and meeting Anjou, which I knew only as a wine much favoured by D'Artagnan and Athos—or so Dumas said—for the first time, over wood-roasted chicken at the Auberge St. Père Louis. It was chicken at once plain but very special—a whole chicken roasted quickly on a revolving spit and served as two portions, each on a plate by itself, with salad and crisp, long, fried potatoes piled on separate plates alongside.

Our host, who couldn't have been more than forty, spoke nostalgically of the "good old days." His Paris was dying. Mistinguette was getting old, she was making a fool of herself over a kid called Chevalier, a locksmith who had gone on the halls, and caught her eye, then been called up for army service, got taken prisoner, and she was raising hell with her boy friend, the Foreign Minister, to get him exchanged (she succeeded). Gaby Delys was getting long in the tooth—playing the fool, too, she wouldn't last long. But we should have seen her when . . . Prices were ridiculous. You couldn't even get a kick out of the can-can any more. The girls were going in for this new Vernon Castle jazz—he remembered her debut in Paris in '14, quite a girl, but lacking in curves for his taste—and the Moulin Rouge had to take what it could get, which was lousy.

Still, we had a good leave in Paris, which I was interested to discover was a city round as a tub, with every stave a *quartier*, and every quarter enjoying a peculiarly individualistic life of its own. The Paris of the cafés around the Place de l'Opéra, and under the elm trees of the Champs-Elysées, was only a segment of a city of infinite variety. "Montmartre," said our mentor, "is our whelk stall." After one exploration of the dubious delights of the Rue Pigalle and its vicinity, I agreed.

Returning after the war, I understood better that I had seen a dying Paris. A new city was arising, pink stucco façades, flat roofs and railed exterior balconies, a violent reaction from the Empire style and its imitators, architecture as economical and efficient as a piston-rod.

Mistinguette's legs were still about. But Chevalier had grown up and cast her off. Young, impudent, he had caught the fancy of the girls, and could draw the town. More, he had muscled "Mis" out of her own theatre, replacing her as the fixed star of the Casino de Paris. "Mis," furious, got some backing, and started a new career as an actress-manageress at the Moulin Rouge. Later, Chevalier hit the movies, and "Mis" went about breathing deeply. "Ah," she would say, after two or three lung-bursting inhalations, "at last one can breathe—the air of Paris is clean!"

Carpentier was having a last fling against Dempsey in the States before getting his *coup de grâce* from Siki—a typical Paris phenomenon of those negro-cult days, Siki the Senegalese—and fading from the ring into a chromium and glass bar in the Champs-Elysées, and a summer bar at Cannes.

And Gaby Delys, whose myth in her heyday was almost as fabulous and false as Hitler's. After fourteen dazzling years, which she capped by getting Barrie to write a revue for her, the violet-eyed "lily girl" had died. Paris had already forgotten her. There were new pets.

Jo Baker was one, a pantherine young negress who had come over from a Broadway cabaret and hit the French capital with the impact of a gorilla charging into one of M. Proust's more jaded salons. When she leapt on to the Folies-Bergère stage, arms and hips working overtime, kohled eyes (*Continued on page* 62)

An unsurpassed view in Paris. The Trocadero seen through the base of the Eiffel Tower

HE was a St. Bernard of a man. And with him was his mate, who by comparison, was a pert and very self-sufficient wire-haired terrier

A Life To Keep Going

A Plea for Keeping the Coastal Sailing Craft in full Employment

By Negley Farson

FROM my window in Devon, or from my garden on the coast, there is hardly a high tide when I do not see a sailing ship making round the point. If it is the ebb tide, then these schooners and ketches are coming out. If it is a flood tide, then they are making up the river to that old, and once famous British town, whose name is still painted or carved under their veteran sterns. They are old ships, most of them, and in times of peace, their cargoes are monotonous and unromantic. Coal from Swansea, flour from Barnstaple. Many of them have been reconditioned since the war began, taken from what was intended to be their final resting place, far up some tidal creek. Manila rope is hard to get these days, and so is paint. Their rigging may be makeshift, their ironwork rusty, their decks a patchwork. Yet, as I watch them, they hold more beauty in my eyes than any yacht.

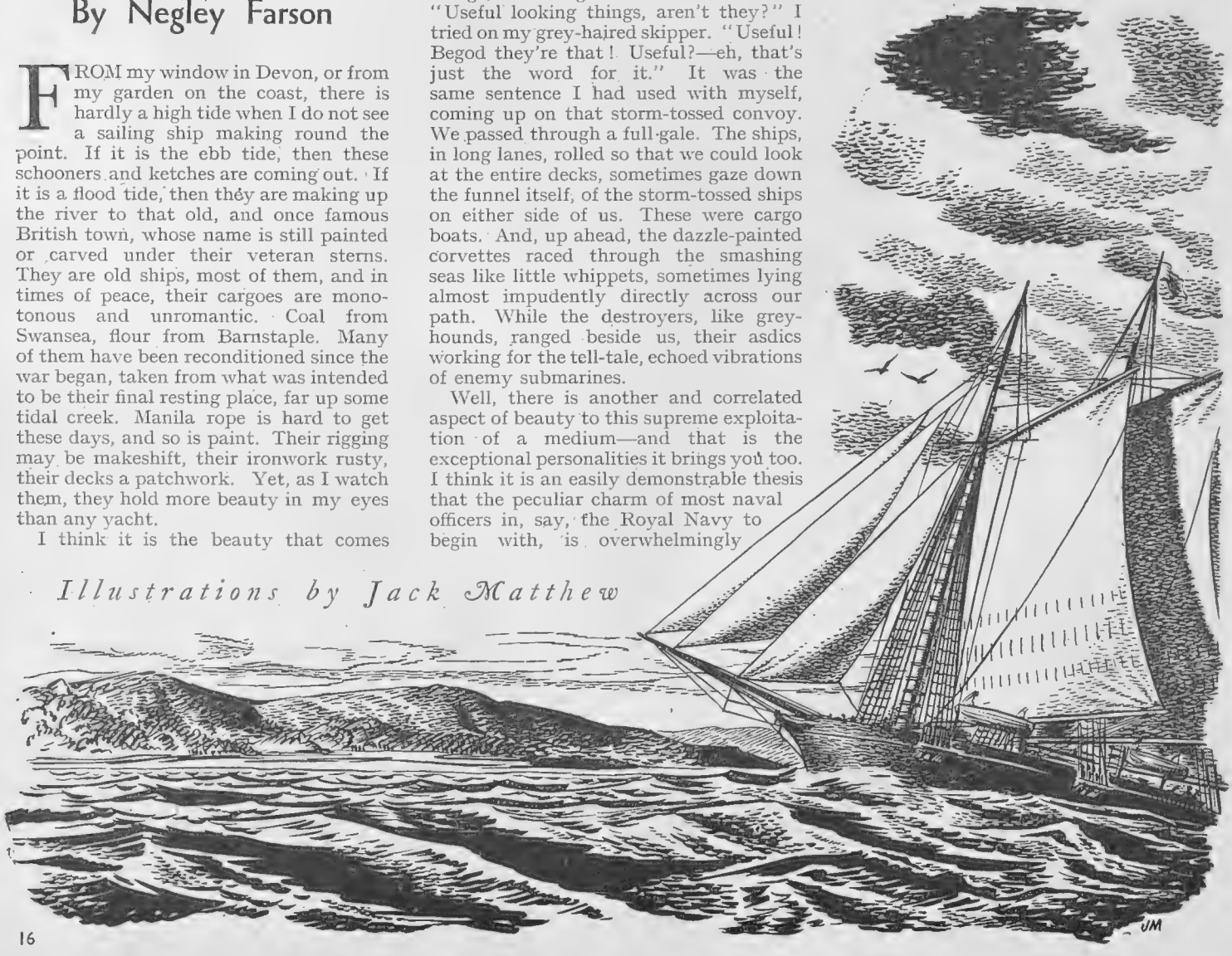
I think it is the beauty that comes from usefulness. For these are "working" boats. They fulfil that aspect of beauty which comes from the successful exploitation of a *medium*. It is the perfect "job for the work," and they arouse in your emotions something like the same sensations that you get, suddenly, from seeing a big battleship at sea in wartime. Incontestably, one of the most exhilarating moments in my life was making Iceland one dawn, in convoy. The low strip of land to our right was one long bank of white snow. The sun, coming up from behind it, rimmed this bleak shoreline with a curious band of yellow flame. And at that moment a big black battleship came belting out of the fjord to port. It was a British battleship, of the *Rodney* class, and coming in, with the icy spray flying away from her, was an American battleship. They passed each other just to port of us, with their semaphores signalling. "Ah, my God! my God!" said the unemotional Irish skipper of my cargo ship. "Isn't that a *grand* sight? Isn't that the grandest sight you ever saw in all the worrld?"

Well, it was; I stood there on the bridge, shivering. But not from cold. "Useful looking things, aren't they?" I tried on my grey-haired skipper. "Useful! Begod they're that! Useful?—eh, that's just the word for it." It was the same sentence I had used with myself, coming up on that storm-tossed convoy. We passed through a full gale. The ships, in long lanes, rolled so that we could look at the entire decks, sometimes gaze down the funnel itself, of the storm-tossed ships on either side of us. These were cargo boats. And, up ahead, the dazzle-painted corvettes raced through the smashing seas like little whippets, sometimes lying almost impudently directly across our path. While the destroyers, like greyhounds, ranged beside us, their asdics working for the tell-tale, echoed vibrations of enemy submarines.

Well, there is another and correlated aspect of beauty to this supreme exploitation of a medium—and that is the exceptional personalities it brings you too. I think it is an easily demonstrable thesis that the peculiar charm of most naval officers in, say, the Royal Navy to begin with, is overwhelmingly due to the beauty of the scenes and ships which their careers have led them to live in daily contact with. The mystic effect of that hour before sunrise, when the light of a new day comes silently into the sky, unquestionably has inspired and poeticized the mind of many and many an English sailor. On the bridge, in that moment of suspense in the world, the men on watch have many a thought or emotion or meditation that they would not dare make public. But it tempers them. It exalts them.

TO these men of Devon, bred to the sea, this return of the sailing ship in this war has been tantamount to a return of life to them. I have said that most of these sailing ships are old, also that manila rope and paint are hard to come by these days. But some boats show the lavishness of a skipper (not a few are owned by their captains) that, in these scant times, a city man would only bestow upon his mistress. Their spars are kept scraped and varnished, their ironwork is pounded and painted to keep it free from rust, their sails, even if they may show a patch or two, are furled as neatly as any yacht's as they lie at the wharves. It was with nothing less than astonishment that I came on one of these schooners heeled over, lying far up on the mud of a tidal creek. It was in a low delta of marshy land, over which I was trudging in the hopes of putting up a snipe. And here I became aware suddenly that what I had taken for a hulk, for I had seen her masts for some time, was a schooner in full commission, and, although there was not even a (*Continued on page 64*)

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



THE game of chess between M. Pasdeloup and Théodose Jarnier got under way

L'Affaire Française

A Drama of the French Freedom Movement

By Granville Church

ALL day the wind had spoken in gusts, setting the chestnut to grumbling in its lordly way over the small garden. The apricots, espaliered against the wall, had come and gone, but a few stragglers remained, to be eyed anxiously and rescued one by one. Nothing was to be lost these days in conquered France.

The pears were coming in, and the quinces, and the barberries in the corner were turning red, and if sugar could be had then the famous Café d'Onfroi conserve would be put up again this year. Ah, if that could be! *La famille* Brisson was proud of that conserve.

True, there was sugar to be had through the back door. But old Mme Brisson—Mathilde to a few oldsters, Mama to all others—had put her foot down on dealings with the *marché noir*. Too much was at stake to risk any kind of investigation. De Gaulle and Fighting France needed every man—and every woman, even of seventy-three years.

No, sugar for conserve was out of the question. But since Denis—her grandson—had told her of that hive in the Bois de Grand Gorge south of St. Geosmes, her hopes had risen. Perhaps an extra quantity of barberries to cut the strong flavour of the wild honey. . . .

But it wasn't the problem of this year's conserve that accounted for the mood old Mathilde Brisson was in, nor the gloomy day it had been. All France's days were grey ones now. Something else was tugging at the old lady's heart more than she would have any one know.

It was after five. The café would open at six to serve the evening meal. Mama Brisson moved about the room which ran the width of the three-story house.

The service door opened and a girl entered, pushed from behind by a boy of stern features. Her brother, certainly, though he was fair where she was dark. Breton blood showed here, though he'd been born in the Haute-Marne. He was older than the girl; about seventeen, perhaps, yet something indefinable added much to that.

"Does she know what she's to do to-night, grand'mère?" asked the boy abruptly.

Mme Brisson didn't answer this at once, but looked at the girl and pointed to a table near the door.

"I've told you how careful we must be, Emilie," she said patiently. "Look to that table. It has a V on the cloth. You must keep your eyes sharp, Emilie. Not one little V anywhere on the property. Mind that."

The girl went about changing the cloth. Meanwhile, the old lady studied the boy. Her eyes lit with pride at his height, his excellent shoulders; and faded with sorrow at the lack of solid flesh on his bones. Short helpings don't make muscular tissue, and while the Brisson farm could produce enough and to spare, both for family and the café here in town, there was no point to that. The present heavy Nazi levies would only be increased.

Mama Brisson sighed and spoke. "There was another of them here at luncheon," she told the boy. "It must have been he who put it there. No doubt he thinks to discover it to-night. Perhaps he thinks to collect a reward. I hope it is no more."

"The dirty swine!" gritted the boy between his teeth, clenching his fists.

"No, no, Denis!" cried the old woman. Her voice was as surprising as the boy's—deep for her years, clear, firm, vibrant. She seized his arm. "That is not the way, Denis! Be cold, be icy cold when you think of them. And don't look them in the eyes, staringly, as you did that one here two nights ago. Look at the tips of their noses if you have to look up, otherwise only at their knees. Be careful, Denis, my lovely Denis. You are all I have to lean on now."

What Mathilde Brisson had hinted about the Nazi customer was quite possible. All of France was knee deep with spies and *agents provocateurs*, most of whom were not above a bit of dirty work on the side to increase their incomes.

Meanwhile, Emilie was making her job last, dawdling like a child who knew something unwelcome was to follow.

"Emilie!"

"Yes, grand'mère."

"Put out the board and the chessmen."

"Yes, grand'mère."

"And Emilie, you know what you are to do to-night?"

The girl answered sulkily: "Yes, grand'mère."

"You are to touch M. Pasdeloup on the shoulder while he plays his game with M. Jarnier. You are to bend and whisper in his ear. And what are you to whisper?"

"I am to whisper: 'Denis has discovered who betrayed Siméon Comeau. He hasn't told me who, but ah, what will happen to that one!'"

"Exactly. Just that. And you roll your eyes to *le bon Dieu*. Then you go on about your work." She added slowly, partly to herself: "That will be the final touch. All the work we have done on that man leads up to this. Then he is ready to break, that—that *dupeur*. To-night he will get the panic and lead us to his"—her voice faltered for the first time—"his *agent fixe*."

Denis let go an exclamation. "His *agent fixe* will be right here," he growled. "He won't have to lead anywhere."

"Enough, Denis! I will not believe it of Théodose Jarnier. But if it is he"—she faltered again but recovered at once—"if it is he . . . in any case, there must be no trouble on the premises. You will obey me in that. You know your instructions. Is all ready?"

"*Oui, tout est prêt, grand'mère,*" the boy muttered.

Emilie suddenly broke.

"Oh, grand'mère, I can't," she cried. "Don't make me, grand'mère. I know I just can't do it right."

"You must be a soldier of France," said the old woman sternly. "You cannot be soft like this. We know this miserable one, this Pasdeloup. This past week we are sure about him. But he is only a common spy and not important himself. He reports to one of more consequence, one who gathers together reports of many spies. We *must* know to whom he reports. The day approaches when France will rise again."

Then the old lady showed she wasn't as tough as she made out to be.

"There, there, little one," she said roughly, patting the girl's cheeks. "There, there, *ma petite fille*, my little pigeon. Don't cry, for we open very soon now. Dry your eyes. I am very cross these days, I know." She sighed heavily. "Look you. Go out and see if you can help your mother in the kitchen. Quickly now, for time becomes short."

On the rear wall above a long, low bookcase a clock swung a lengthy pendulum. The hands approached the hour.

"Denis. Come. It is time."

Mama Brisson hoisted herself, not without some grunting, into her high chair behind the counter. This was at one end of the room near the door. Her triple strand of jet beads swung and clicked in the effort, her jet earrings bobbed. She fastened over her left ear what looked like an earphone for the deaf. A thin wire led from it. Not a long wire. Denis ran this under her high whaleboned collar and down the back of her dress.

Behind the counter there was a crack in the floor at her feet. Through this crack projected another wire, held above the floor by a knot in it. Denis undid the knot and connected the two ends—but loosely, so that a quick jerk would break the connection, the long end to whisk through the crack and disappear. And what of the loose end under Mama Brisson's dress, if it became necessary to break the connection? There was an earphone battery on the shelf under the counter to account for that. She would have to risk its being enough.

Illustrations

"MONSIEUR," she called sharply. The German looked up, surprised at the tone. Every one else looked up, too. "Please do not mark on the table cloth, monsieur. We do not allow that here"

With the earpiece hooked up, Denis then wrapped cloths about his grandmother's head. Her scant grey hair was pulled into a tight little knob on top, as always, and this helped to hold the turban in place.

It took some minutes, however, and during the process the old woman's face let down. She didn't have to pretend before Denis, for they were close in mind and heart, these two.

"I cannot believe it of Théodose Jarnier," she muttered over and over. "I will not believe it. We were at school together, I have known him always——"

"Grand'mère," exclaimed Denis impatiently. "It can be no other. We now know M. Pasdeloup is in Gestapo pay. There was the betrayal of Siméon Comeau. Only three persons could have done that. We tested all. It proved to be M. Pasdeloup. But we weren't satisfied with that. We created a false scent for Pasdeloup alone. He picked it up. But we know he did not pass it on to the Gestapo himself. The only possible connection he could have had was through M. Jarnier and the game they played at M. Jarnier's last Wednesday."

Pasdeloup and Jarnier, rabid chess fans, played twice each week. They had done so for years. M. Jarnier cycled in each Saturday night for a game at the Café d'Onfroi; Pasdeloup walked to the old man's farm—to exercise his bad leg, he would often explain—each Wednesday night.

"Oh, grand'mère, M. Jarnier is the only one, can't you see? Besides, there is more proof. It is not because this Pasdeloup loves us that we have not been molested. It is because he reports to M. Jarnier, and M. Jarnier hesitates because of old friendship with you."

"Well, well, we shall see what we shall see." She sighed once more, a long, slow sigh. "There, Denis, that will do. No one can suspect. Look once more to the other end. We must be sure it will work."

Denis stood off and cocked his head. Yes, it would do. To all the world Mama Brisson had an earache. He trotted from the

By Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

room and was gone long enough to switch on the batteries in the rear of the house, and on his return went to the far corner where the chessboard was set up.

The dictaphone was superbly hidden. A picture hung on the rear wall had hung there so many years that the wallpaper behind it was a bright spot compared to the faded wall around. The boy himself had carved the hole through the wall from the rear. It had taken much patience to do the job without piercing the paper, and his lips curved with justifiable pride. The mechanical ear fitted snugly into the hole, and the hole itself was hidden on the pantry side by a massive buffet.

Denis tested the instrument in voice and hoarse whisper, and at his grandmother's nod of satisfaction he left the room.

OLD Mathilde Brisson was left, perched on her stool-chair, a lonely figure in that long, low room.

Disturbing memories paraded through her mind. Théodose Jarnier, the last person to suspect . . . but no, she would not think of him. Let happen what would, later. Her lips drew into that thin, down-curving line as she reached under the counter and brought forth her knitting bag.

It was not a large café, the "Onfroi." Before the fall of France it had served as a kind of neighbourhood clubroom after the business of eating, open until any reasonable hour. Reading material had been kept in the bookcase, a wireless receiver beside it.

But now there was nothing new on the shelves, and the wireless was fixed for official stations only, hence seldom used. Of course, Théodose still kept up his game of chess each week with Jules Pasdeloup, in the same corner as he had for years—each Saturday night.

She came to the end of a row and turned her work, to discover she'd dropped a stitch and had to rip it out. And the clock ticked on, and the pendulum swung, and two tears trickled down the withered cheeks. She wiped them away angrily, her lips tightening. If Théodose Jarnier was the one, then he would suffer the fate of any other. There was no room for sentiment to-day, with a second front in sight and freedom from the Boche around the corner.

The clock struck the hour and saved her further anguish of memory. Emilie came to unbolt the front door and stand by submissively to serve the evening meal.

M. and Mme Fourier were the first regular patrons to arrive. They usually were. Sixty, and none too strong, they liked to take their time and get home early.

"Your ear, Mathilde?" asked Mme Fourier solicitously.

"It has the indisposition," replied Mama Brisson. Shortly, too, for undue attention must not be drawn to the ear.

But Mme Fourier was too full of other things to notice the curtness.

"Have you heard?" she ran on at once. "Laval has warned us again. Warned us to collaborate. That *bougnat!* That creator of a slave pool for the Boche! He becomes *le Dieu* himself, that one. Poor Papa Pétain——"

"Poor Papa Pétain nothing," snapped Mathilde Brisson. "Are you not yet realistic about that defeatist old man? *En vérité,* he so hates the British he would even betray France to see them beaten. Besides, what has he to say to-day?"

"*Oui, oui,*" put in M. Fourier as though Mama Brisson had not spoken. "Those Vichy *salauds* will destroy us utterly. Ah, if I had but thirty years the less, but twenty, but ten——"

"Do not excite yourself, Louis, their time will come to hand," said Mama Brisson, nodding vigorously. "Leave that to younger ones. There comes the attack across the Channel, if not this month, then next, or the next. *Ah, je suis de mauvaise humeur.* Let us not talk like this. We know what is in our hearts. Let that be (*Continued on page* 56)

Men at work repairing one of London's sewers. Water is deviated so that the work can be carried on without interference. (On left) Inside one of the chambers in London's ice dungeons. This chamber in which fish is stored has a temperature that is twenty-two degrees below zero

Beneath the Streets of London

By John Allen Graydon

DEEP beneath many of London's busy thoroughfares are miles of rivers, canals, an "unknown" railway used by all, and a maze of wires and channels. There are, among other things, 12,000 miles of gas mains beneath the streets; about the same number of electric cables, and four hundred miles of main sewers. Most of these have a bearing upon the lives of every resident in the metropolis, yet are taken so much for granted that few appreciate their worth.

When commencing to probe some of the most interesting secrets that nestle beneath the pavements of London I chose the cold-storage plants at Billingsgate for my first pause.

A warm sun was beating down upon the pavement when, after being taken down several flights of stone steps, I was brought to a halt before a massive iron door. My breath appeared to leave me when the door swung slowly open and a rush of cold air, as if bursting from some prison, met me with force as I advanced into the "Dungeons of the Kingdom of Cold."

As I walked around the eleven-below-zero chambers my hands and nose turned blue, my teeth chattered, and I felt as if a giant hand had gripped me without warning and taken me, in a matter of seconds, from the warmth of the London streets to the top of an iceberg floating about the North Pole.

"You'll soon get used to the cold," one of the passing storekeepers said to me, as other men, resembling Eskimos in their duffel coats, fur gloves, and specially lined boots, plodded about on a carpet of snow, removing ice and snow that had formed on the roof and walls.

Some of the men have worked in this under-London ice-box for twenty years, yet do not know what it is to have either a cold or chilblains!

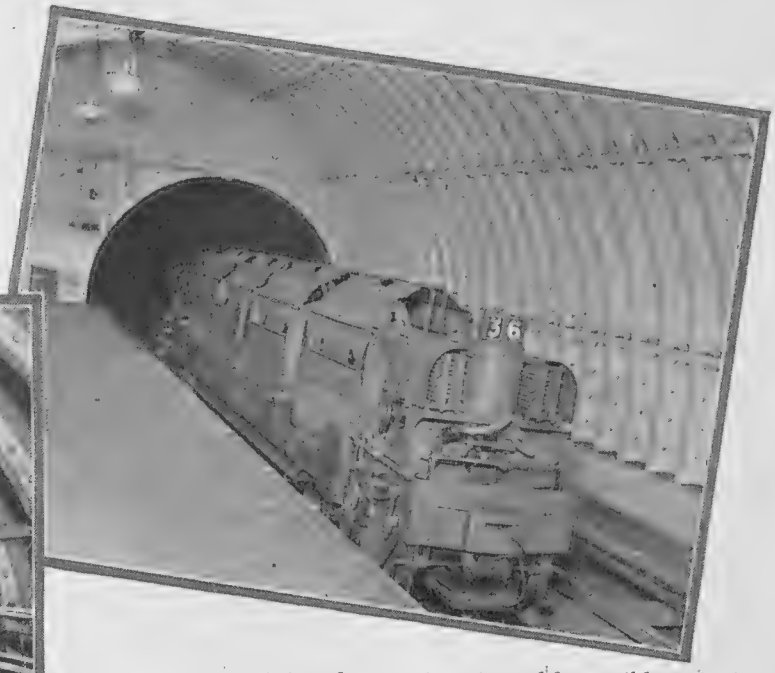
When fish reach the plant for the purpose of being frozen, they are placed in the "Sharp-freezing Room." This chamber has a temperature that is twenty-two below zero.

Here, on steel plates raised from the floor so that the intense cold can penetrate from all sides, row upon row of fish are scientifically stored away. These chambers, when I visited them, were packed with sturgeon, haddock, salmon, cod, trout, plaice, shrimps; in fact every type of fish is stowed away in this plant.

ON many occasions strangers in Graham Street, Islington, have received a shock when, in traversing that sector of the thoroughfare overlooking the Grand Union Canal, a Diesel-engined barge, "commanded" by several good-looking and workmanlike girl bargees, has glided from out of a tunnel.

They would be still further amazed were they allowed to enter this subterranean waterway—one of the strangest in London—where barges, and a tug, sail beneath the heart of one of the British capital's most crowded boroughs.

The tunnel, which stretches from City Road to Caledonian Road, is nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. With roughly seven inches above their heads separating them from the roof, and six inches on either side of the barges, the girls who sail beneath London tell me that they (*Continued on page* 54)



A G.P.O. train consisting of automatic engine and four mail-bag containers (On left)
A section of the G.P.O. railway which is eighty feet below the streets of London. It is six and a half miles long and links Liverpool Street with Paddington. It is used exclusively for the carriage of parcels and letters

Old Tales Re-told

A Comedy of a Tangled Korean Marriage

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

SINCE the beginning of time man has resolutely striven to assert his superiority over woman. Only after centuries of civilisation has he begun to realise that a woman's mission is so important that she is entitled to be lifted to the rank of partner.

All the cultured nations of antiquity used to keep their women in a state of inferiority. Even Greece was reluctant to better their position, and history records one revolt of the Greek "suffragettes," who were given the inspiring and poetic name of Amazons.

Apart from this episode, remote and closely interwoven with legend, woman has been limited to the chance of asserting herself only when equipped with beauty and charm wherewith to disarm man. There have been cases when outstanding personalities, such as Mark Antony, have forfeited all their strength and will-power and become mere pawns in the hands of a clever woman.

These, however, were but sporadic instances which did little to improve the status of the majority of the sex.

The Orient has been persistently stubborn in relegating women to one function only.

Amongst Eastern races of all epochs, one which had the most surprisingly primitive views on the subject was Korea. On this mysterious peninsula, stretching from China towards Japan, the laws and customs relating to women were slow to follow the trend of evolution. Even in recent records we find that the basic principles of 500 years ago remain unchanged. Woman was a nonentity and remained so until she became a wife and mother, and even then her benefits were few. No name was given to her at birth. (The mother of several daughters allotted to them mere nicknames to distinguish them one from another.) She had no right to any education apart from domestic instruction. She was not held responsible for her actions, for that would have meant recognition in her of the power of thought and discernment. Any wrong-doing on her part was treated in the same way as the mischievousness of an animal.

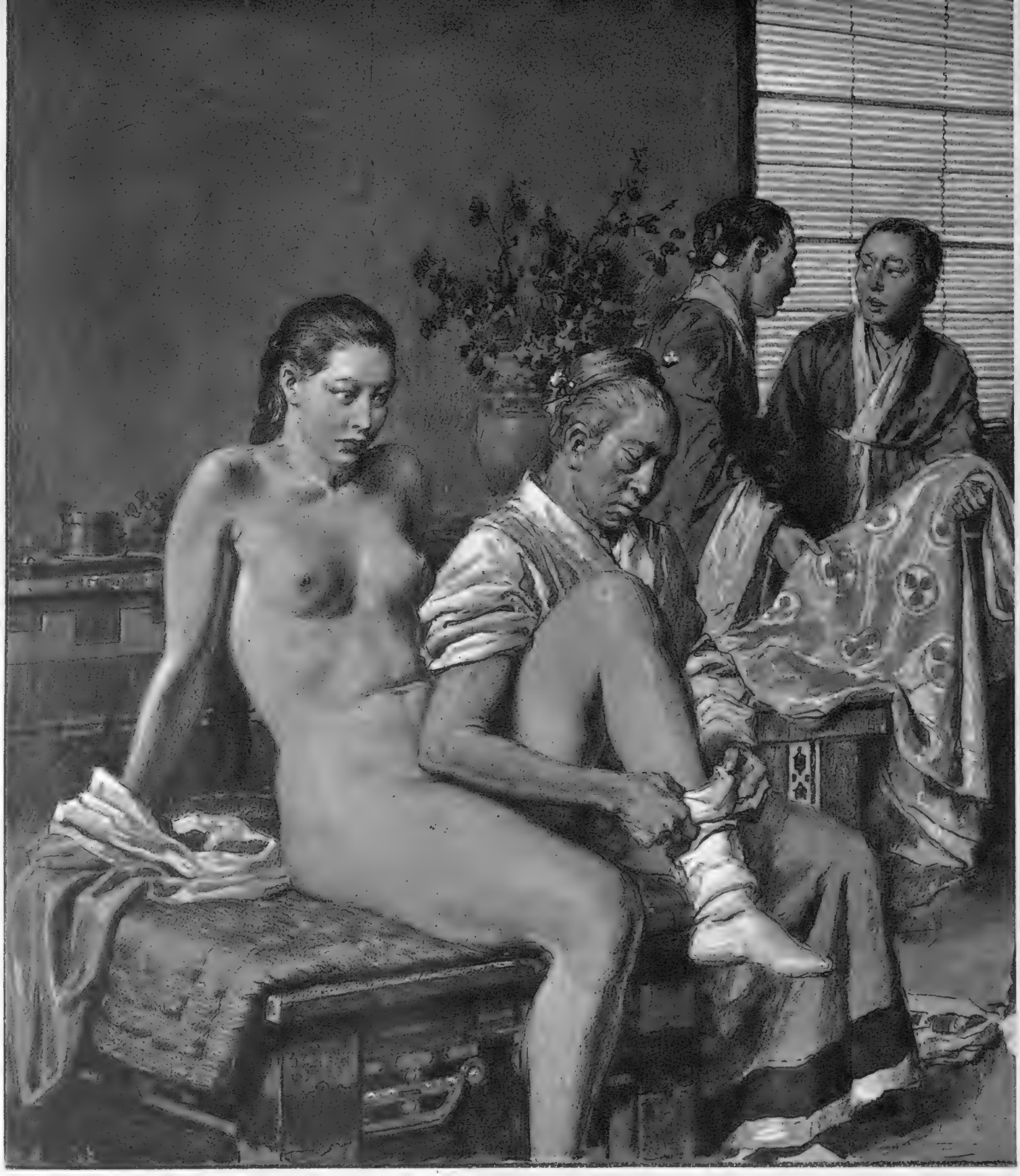
No more subtle and thorough form of demoralisation of the spirit has ever been invented.

One duty alone of a sacred character was permitted to her, and this was the tending of the ancestral fire, which had to be kept alight just as the temple fire used to be kept by the Vestal Virgins.

Apart from this strict and reverent task, however, women of the lower orders were allowed a certain amount of freedom in their daily life. It was only the aristocracy who kept their womenfolk secluded from the outside world both before and after marriage.

The marriage function, so important in

The nobleman was flabbergasted with the ominous words of the blind soothsayer



female life, was only a matter of etiquette. It was arranged and carried through by a counsel of parents, relatives and intermediaries, quite independently of the will of either bride or groom, who did not see each other until they stepped on to the " marriage platform " where, by merely bowing to each other, they became indissolubly tied together for life.

It may be safely said that Korean women of the past centuries were entirely ignorant of the normal process of marital union, the primary meetings, the courtship and finally the culminating reciprocal agreement set in train by mutual attraction.

The male partner was able to compensate himself for an unhappy union or a physically repulsive wife. Though forbidden by law to take more than one wife, he was allowed as many concubines as were compatible with his rank and wealth. From the legal point of view, the position of the concubines was unenviable, for they were denied any right of heritage, and unless the legal wife proved childless, no children born to them had any claim on the parental estate. This was a status which no respectable people would ever desire for their daughters. But all the same, it had advantages which the married state had not. Since the acquiring of a concubine was a matter of free selection, it was much nearer to the laws of nature. Therefore, although the parents of a girl who joined a harem were likely to be disappointed, for the girl herself there was a far greater chance of happiness, for she was certain of the affection of her lord.

These few observations on the Korean outlook on marriage may perhaps serve as a " chessboard " background, whereon we shall play out an authentic and amusing little comedy.

Respect for the families involved has prevented the chronicler from mentioning names. Ancestry in Korea was, and is, a deeply serious matter, and the descendants of the persons concerned may well have resented the indiscretion of publicity.

The bride was stripped of her finery and her cousin was adorned instead

THE episode took place in one of the principal cities of Korea, in the house of a nobleman who occupied an important post in the administrative body of the state. He had a beautiful daughter whom he was anxious to marry off advantageously, according to the traditions of the family. He had also a niece of the same age whom he had adopted as his ward. She was the child of his deceased brother. It was customary for family ties to be honoured by reciprocal protection, so the little orphan was brought into the nobleman's house and brought up with his own daughter.

They grew into beautiful and healthy girls, extremely fond of each other. Whether by chance or the factor of close relationship, they also resembled each other in face and figure.

When they reached the marriageable age, a list was prepared of all the most highly eligible young men in the country. For his own daughter, the nobleman had picked out one name in particular—that of the scion of a family of great wealth and honour which would add to the brilliance of his own if a union could be satisfactorily arranged.

Emissaries were sent off at once, provided with all the necessary documents, to the distant town where the prospective bridegroom resided. The charms of the girl were extolled in flowery names and phrases and her exalted lineage set forth in irrefutable terms.

Months later, when the emissaries galloped back into the courtyard of the nobleman's house on their hardy little ponies, prayers were still being offered up for the success of their mission. All was well, however. They brought news that the suggested match was being favourably considered. The father's heart was filled with delight. He at once resolved that as soon as his daughter's wedding had taken place, he would choose the next-best suitor on the list for his niece.

A time for the marriage was duly appointed, and great preparations were made for the reception of the young man with all fitting dignity and pomp.

In the women's quarters skilled fingers were at work on the bridal gown and the many other garments required by tradition for her equipment. Her jewelled tiara was a masterpiece of workmanship.

The two girls had always hoped that they might marry at the same time; but now that things had turned out differently they resigned themselves at once, for they owed complete obedience, the one to her father, the other to her uncle.

BY now the young man was well on his way, and all was in perfect order. In three days he would arrive and go straight to the marriage platform.

There remained only one thing for the nobleman to do. It was a custom of his family to consult a fortune-teller before any wedding ceremony, in order to find out if the choice of bridegroom would prove fortunate.

There were many of these soothsayers in Korea, the most successful of which were blind, as it was assumed that the blind had special prophetic powers.

After the formalities had been concluded, the soothsayer told the nobleman as follows: " The young man who is about to marry your daughter has none of the qualities described in the report. His appearance is revoltingly ugly. Mentally he is so backward as to be nearly a total imbecile, and in consequence he has not been able to acquire any education or culture, and remains hopelessly ignorant."

Flabbergasted, the nobleman listened to these ominous words, while the perspiration poured down his cheeks. It was now too late to revoke. The marriage contract was signed, and the law offered no loophole which might enable the distracted father to save his only daughter from this disastrous union. He seized the documents and read again to the diviner the passages describing the prospective bridegroom as " tall, handsome, very intelligent, charming and highly cultured." He also lamented the large sums of money he had paid the emissaries to perform this mission of inspection and negotiation. The soothsayer replied that sometimes the hope of reward casts a strange veil over human eyes.

The unfortunate nobleman was so grieved and upset that he could scarcely think clearly. Nothing could stop the calamity which he had set in train. Everything would take place according to custom. The bridegroom would go straight to the marriage platform after dismounting from his horse, before meeting any members of the family. He was already on his way there—and the nobleman sat frantically racking his

A crowd of noisy and festive people cheered the departure of a handsome and clever young man, who took with him two radiant and pretty girls

brains for a solution to the problem. Suddenly he gave a cry of triumph. He had it! But there was no time to waste. He rushed to the women's quarters where he found his daughter, gorgeously robed, about to step into the little carriage which would carry her to the sacred platform. He ordered the hand-maidens to undress his daughter immediately and place the wedding gown on his niece, for he had changed his mind at the last minute and decided that *she* should marry first instead.

They had only a few minutes in which to effect the change, so the astonished girls could waste no time in protest. They were bundled back into the room, and there the bride was stripped of her finery and her cousin was adorned instead, the tiara was placed on her head, and she was pushed into the carriage and wheeled off without a word of explanation.

The nobleman stroked his beard and sighed with relief. He considered that he had saved the situation by masterly presence of mind. He hoped the soul of his dear brother would forgive him for this unorthodox act of substitution, but really, he simply could not allow his own daughter to marry this monstrosity!

The ceremony on the marriage platform consisted merely of the two parties bowing to each other. It took only a few seconds, after which the bride was brought back to the house and the groom followed later to be introduced to the father-in-law. There would be a reception in the men's quarters, and then the father would lead the bride to her husband's apartments, where a brief honeymoon would be spent before she left with him for her new home.

WHEN the bride returned from the ceremony, she looked — to her uncle's astonishment—simply radiant. He put this down to the fact that she had taken the blow with becoming resignation and philosophy.

Meanwhile he himself was awaiting his first view (*Continued on page* 52)

Quetta, a town in Northern India, was devastated by an earthquake. The above picture shows the ruins of the town

A view of the Residency at Quetta after the earthquake

(Courtesy The Government of India)

When the Earth Trembles

Facts About Earthquakes

By Frank W. Lane

THERE is no experience more terrifying than an earthquake. If there is one thing we regard as fixed and final it is the solid ground beneath our feet. If we feel *that* shake and move it is as if the end of all things is at hand.

Such feelings are borne out by the extent of the loss and destruction caused by earthquakes. In a few minutes a great earthquake can destroy three-quarters of the buildings in a large city, kill thousands of people and cause fires which continue the destruction after the 'quake itself has died down.

Earthquakes occur much more frequently than is generally imagined. Throughout the world seismographs, the instruments which record earthquakes, are agitated by 'quake waves every hour or so. Widely recorded earthquakes occur at the rate of just under two a day, and a major earthquake occurs every six or seven days. These figures are fortunately not so alarming as they sound. About two-thirds of all earthquakes occur under the sea, and of the remainder many take place in uninhabited or sparsely populated areas.

This house has fallen forward into a chasm caused by an earthquake in California

What causes these regular disturbances of the earth's crust? Some are associated with volcanic action and others are due to subterranean collapse of rocks. But earthquakes from both these causes are never very extensive.

All great earthquakes are caused by movements in the earth varying between five and five hundred miles below the surface. Thousands of cubic miles of rock strain against each other in the bowels of the earth. Suddenly something gives way, generally along a "fault" or weak line, and the sudden adjustment of these immeasurable masses of the earth causes a shiver to pulse through the entire glove.

What is known as the "elastic rebound theory" of earthquakes is the one most generally accepted by geologists to-day. The theory was originally propounded by Harry F. Reid and may be described briefly as follows :—

> Rock will rupture when it is submitted to elastic strains greater than it can endure. Such strains may be the result of sudden explosion, but ordinarily they are due to slow displacement of the earth's crust. This displacement sets up stresses between adjacent portions of the crust that grow slowly until the point of rupture is reached. The strained rock rebounds under its own elastic stresses until the strain is wholly or partially relieved.

The powers involved in an earthquake recall the schoolboy tag of what would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body. The only comparable release of power is in a large volcanic eruption.

Scientists have endeavoured to express in actual figures the amount of energy involved in large earthquakes. For the great Californian 'quake of 1906 they give a figure of some 130,000 million million foot pounds. That means that the amount of energy developed in this earthquake was equal to that required to lift a cubic mile of rock to a height of about one mile.

Put in another way it means that this earthquake was 800 million times as powerful as a coast defence gun which can hurl a ton shell fifteen miles into the air. And some earthquakes are even more powerful than that which shook America in 1906! These facts should be borne in mind when considering some of the effects produced by large earthquakes.

A great earthquake shook Lisbon in Portugal on November 1, 1755. Here are some of the things it did: Some 50,000 people were killed in Lisbon and the surrounding area. Out of 20,000 houses in Lisbon only 3,000 were left habitable. According (*Continued on page* 66)

A Japanese boy jumps over a gigantic fissure caused by an earthquake at Akita, Japan

"JUST coming," shouted Daphne from upstairs.

Paul looked again at his watch.

"You said that five minutes ago," he shouted back from the hall. "If we miss this bus we'll miss the rise of the curtain. We might just as well not go at all."

"Just coming," repeated Daphne. "Don't shout so. It only makes me slower."

"Who's giving this treat, you or I? I've sweated my guts out to get my work done in time, and here you keep me hanging about in the hall when I might have been earning enough to pay for the tickets. It's seldom I have either money or time to spare for theatres. Why do you say 'just coming' when you mean you're not coming? I do loathe unpunctuality."

"I can't hear what you're saying," shouted Daphne. "I'm brushing my hair. I'm just coming."

Time Out

He Hated Unpunctuality—She Considered it Unimportant. What happened thereafter was Startling . . .

By S. P. B. Mais

"I said 'I do loathe unpunctuality.'"

"Oh, is that all? I thought it was something important. Just coming."

"And I hear the bus just going. So we've missed the curtain. You needn't hurry now. There's no bus for a quarter of an hour."

"Oh! Don't put on that self-pitying voice. We shall be there in time. We always are. Anyway, I only make it a quarter to."

"You only make it a quarter to. Alas, God, Greenwich and the B.B.C. have other ideas. I fear the theatre is more likely to go by their notions of time than yours."

"No need to be bitter about it. I keep on asking you to take my watch to be mended."

"And I'm tired of telling you that to take a watch to be mended is not the same thing as having a watch mended. The difference is about five years."

"Funny, aren't you? I'm just ready."

Daphne appeared on the landing and looked down.

"My throat's getting hoarse with shouting. What scarf shall I wear? The green or the pink?"

"The green."

"You only say that to hustle me. You don't really care."

"So long as you wear something."

"You used to care once."

"Oh! must we go into all that now?"

"Is it cold? Shall I wear my thick overcoat or mack?"

"Oh! My God! Have I got to be your thermometer as well? I'm wearing my great coat. I'm a man. I feel the cold. Women don't. Come in your shift. Only come."

"Don't be coarse, Paul."

"Your shift isn't coarse. It's the best the silkworm can do. And don't you know it?"

"I only try to please you. And that's all the thanks I get. You're always beastly to me now, Paul."

"I'm nothing of the kind. I adore you. Only when I go to the trouble of taking time off and fixing a special treat you won't even take the trouble to be in time for it. That's what gets me down. Unpunctuality."

"Oh, Paul, don't take it so seriously. Don't make a grievance out of it. It isn't really important."

"This may not be, though, quite unnecessarily, you've ruined my whole evening, but it's a vice that grows on one. Some day you'll be late for an appointment that'll really matter."

"So long as I'm not late for my own funeral. I ought to keep the most important date of all."

"No need to be blasphemous."

"I thought I was being rather witty. Have you got the tickets?"

"Of course I've got the tickets. Don't stand fidgeting there or we shall miss the next bus too."

"I want a drink."

"Not half so much as I do."

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"WELL, I don't propose to spend the rest of the night discussing your queer ideas about the economics of time. I'm off".

"Well, you've had nothing to do except hang about and shout at me for the last half-hour. At least you could have made yourself useful and put the gin out."

"It's too late now."

"Oh God, a show on an empty stomach is bad enough, but without any drink. . . . What's the thing called?"

"*Much Ado About Nothing.*"

"Very appropriate. Was that the best you could do?"

"It was the only thing with any seats left. You're looking your gift horse in the mouth rather closely, aren't you?"

"That's right, rub it in. I'll pay for my own ticket if that's what you want. Anyway, I'm not exactly looking forward to it with you all het up and grousing. I've a good mind not to come at all."

"There's no sport quite so amusing as throwing other people's money down a drain, is there? If you'd had to earn the money you'd realize why I wanted to be there in time."

"That's right, cast it in my face that I'm a drone. I wonder you haven't thrown me out of the hive. The way you go on any one'd think that I never did a stroke of work. Who cooks the supper?"

"It's only cold ham to-night. I could have put that out myself."

"The point is that you didn't. All you have to do is to sit at your stuffy old desk and——"

"Earn the money for us to go out. That's all. Are you coming or aren't you? Here's your ticket. I'm going on. Even if you are perverse I don't see why I should miss my evening's enjoyment."

"If you leave me behind I shan't come at all. You know how I hate entering a theatre by myself, especially when I'm late."

"If you'd come when I called there wouldn't have been any chance of being late. Before I met you I was never late for a show in my life."

"In a word marrying me's demoralized you."

"So far as punctuality's concerned, yes."

"And punctuality means a lot to you?"

"I shouldn't be able to afford to go to the theatre if it didn't mean a lot to me. Catch me ever wasting a second. I believe in saving all the time I get."

"I sometimes wonder what you do with all the time you save. You can't put it in the bank."

"That's where you're wrong. I can. Time is money, and when I've changed it into money I put that into the bank."

"Even money's no good unless you spend it, sometimes recklessly."

"Well, I don't propose to spend the rest of the night discussing your queer ideas about the economics of time. I'm off."

"There are times when I hate you so much that——"

"It is one of life's little ironies that these times always occur when I plan some special treat for you. Curious how often storms that start in teacups pass beyond the control of the cup to devastate whole households."

"You talk as if I'd started all this."

"It was you who were late. There's the bus. We shall have to run."

Paul outstripped Daphne in the race for the bus, boarded it breathless and watched her bark her shin as she misjudged her footing on the step as the bus once more gathered speed.

"You might at least have told the girl to wait," said Daphne. "I might have killed myself."

"I don't waste words. Buses don't wait. They're like Time. If I were Jushua——"

"Joshua?"

"In the Old Testament. You ought to have married Joshua. He made time stand still."

"I shall scream if you go on talking like this. Change the subject."

"Have you got any change?"

"I forgot my purse. That comes of your shouting at me."

"I always rely on you for change. Damnation!"

"Awfarespleasse. Anymorefarespleasse?" came the strident voice of the conductress.

"Two tuppennies," said Paul.

"Who d'you think I am, the Bank of England? That's the third note I've been asked to change to-day. Some folk never thinks. 'Have the correct fare ready.' Can't ye read the notice? You'll 'ave to wait, that's all."

"Or get off," said Paul. "I'm having none of your insolence, my girl. I've got your number, and I'm reporting you. Come on, Daphne."

He snatched the pound note back from the astonished conductress and, pulling Daphne unwillingly up from her seat, pushed his way past the standing crowd towards the exit.

"Is all this fuss necessary?" asked Daphne. "This'll only make us later than ever."

"And whose fault is it?" said Paul.

"Cutting off yer nose to spite yer face. Silly old fool. Report and be damned to you. 'Ere. Yer can't get orf now. It's the traffic lights."

"Can't I?" said Paul. "Watch me."

And as the bus jerked forward he dismounted, leaving Daphne still on the bus.

"You've got the tickets," she shrieked.

She didn't wait for him at the next stop, and he had to break into a run to try to catch up with her before she reached the vestibule of the theatre.

To make matters worse it had begun to rain.

"My only pair of silk stockings ruined," said Daphne. "Now see what you've done to them."

"What I've done to them? I like that. They've all gone in. I should think the play's half over."

"I suppose you'll say that's my fault."

"It certainly isn't mine."

"You'd never confess yourself in the wrong if they caught you with the blood-stained knife in your hand."

"I'm feeling pretty near murder now. Where's the blasted attendant?"

"Swearing doesn't help."

"That's all you know."

Their seats were in the centre of the second row of the stalls and as they fell over the feet of the disgruntled stallholders who reluctantly rose to let them pass there was the usual murmur of resentment and anger.

"I hate disturbing people like this," said Daphne.

"Sh-sh! Quiet. Quiet," came from the row behind them. "Sit down."

Daphne sat down heavily, forgetful of the fact that hers was a tip-up seat.

She then let out a groan. "I've hurt myself," she whimpered.

"Serve you damned well right," said Paul savagely.

Immediately she picked herself up, forced her way past the people who had just resumed their seats and faded out of the theatre.

Paul instantly repented and shouted at her.

"Daphne, come back, I didn't mean that."

"Sh-sh! Can't you keep quiet?" came in subdued but vitriolic whispers from all sides. Paul sat back.

If she meant to sulk like a small child he wasn't going to stop her. He wished her joy of her walk in the pouring rain.

He did not, however, dismiss her from his thoughts.

He found it impossible to concentrate his attention on the drama that was being unfolded on the stage. It, too, was a tragedy of misunderstanding. It filled him with apprehension. Surely Daphne wouldn't do anything foolish. He had too much pride to follow her. Besides, it was too late. He would never be able to track her down in the blackout. He only hoped that the act would not be too long drawn out.

What he wanted more than anything else in the world was a drink.

IN a maze she put down half a crown, didn't see the loitering soldier who followed her in

When the lights went up he got up quickly and fought his way to the bar. He stayed there for the rest of the performance.

"Do you mind if I sit next to you?" asked the soldier politely to Daphne as she settled down in the back seat of the cinema.

It was raining too fast for her to go home.

Besides, she felt no desire to go home. She wanted more than anything just to go on walking straight ahead as far away from everything that reminded her of Paul as she could. But the rain soon chilled her ardour for that. She dropped into a cinema without taking any notice of the programme.

All she wanted was to get out of the cold and wet and forget. She discovered luckily that she hadn't after all forgotten her purse.

In a maze she put down half a crown, didn't see the loitering soldier who followed her in, and didn't at first take in the fact that he was talking to her.

"Do you mind if I sit next to you?" he repeated.

She then woke up to the fact that the soldier's remark was addressed to her.

"The seat's vacant," she said abruptly. "I can't help it."

She then tried in vain to concentrate on the picture. It occurred to her that she had been unnecessarily brusque in her reply. After all it was courteous of him to ask that permission.

The picture over, the lights went slowly up, and the soldier stole a quick glance at her.

"Cigarette?" he said, opening a gold cigarette case.

Seeing her hesitate he went on:

"Go on. They're not poisoned. I'm not going to eat you."

She laughed for the first time that day. After all, why not?

"Thanks," she said faintly.

"Light?" He proffered his lighter.

"They don't often light the first time," she said admiringly. "Mine doesn't." (*Continued on page* 68)

A Chapter *from* Medieval History

The Secret Wedding of Edward IV and Dame Elizabeth Grey

By George Long

King Edward IV and Dame Elizabeth Grey (née Woodville), who were secretly married at the little private chapel at Grafton Regis Manor on May 1, 1464

WHEN the king rode under the great oak tree, the woman ran forward, calling him by name. He reined in his horse sharply, as she flung herself down on the ground before him.

"Have pity, Sire," she cried, "upon an unhappy widow and her fatherless children!"

He alighted from his horse, and stood before her—six feet three inches of lithe young manhood—then, bending down, gently raised her to her feet.

"Do not kneel to me," he said. "What is the boon you crave?"

"May the saints bless you, Sire. My hus—" her voice faltered. "My husband was slain at St. Albans three years ago, and his estates were taken away. I—we"—she indicated the two small children who were clinging to her skirts—"we are penniless."

The king's face darkened.

"What is your name?" he demanded harshly.

"Dame Elizabeth Grey, may it please your Majesty, the sorrowing widow of Sir John Grey."

"Grey," he said angrily, "and *you* dare to approach *me*. I grant no boons to rebels."

Elizabeth did not reply. She turned to the children, who were gazing with wide-eyed wonder.

"Come to mother, Richard," she commanded.

A sturdy little fellow of perhaps five summers toddled to her.

"This is King Edward," she said, taking him by the hand. "Kneel to your king, and tell him you are a liegeman, and no rebel."

The boy dropped on his dimpled knees, and stammered: "Dickey not rebel." "But," his mother interposed, "his inheritance has been taken away, and his father's lands are in alien hands."

Edward was silent for a moment, then said softly: "I will restore your lands, but upon one condition only." A new hope shone in Elizabeth's beautiful eyes.

"You—you will restore them—oh, tell me, what are the conditions?"

He bent towards her and whispered something in her ear. She started back, her pale cheeks flaming. "No, no, not that," she cried. "I know I am not worthy to be your queen, but I am far too good to be your leman."

The king turned abruptly away, and remounted his charger. As he vaulted into the saddle, he caught one last glimpse of a lovely grief-stricken face, surrounded by a halo of disordered golden tresses, and of two little innocents who mingled their tears with her own. As his hoof-beats died away in the distance Elizabeth sadly reflected upon the hopelessness of the position.

Edward was now twenty-two years of age, and at the zenith of his power. By his victory at Towton he had smashed the forces of the Lancastrians and made himself undisputed master of all England, as well as obtained enormous grants of land from his defeated enemies. At that very time negotiations were in progress for his marriage with one or other of two powerful princesses—Isabella of Castile, or Bona of Savoy, sister-in-law of King Louis II of France. What hope could she have that he would give up such dazzling prospects to wed a penniless widow, and one, moreover, whose husband had been one of his most dangerous enemies? It was probable that he would marry a foreign princess; but if he preferred an English bride he would be obliged to select the daughter of one of his supporters.

This oak tree, known as the "Queen's Oak" to this day, still stands near Grafton Lodge farm and it was under this tree that Edward IV asked Dame Elizabeth Grey to become his wife and queen. And the little private chapel at Grafton Regis Manor, Northants, where the secret wedding took place

The most powerful and ambitious of his followers was the Earl of Warwick, who had attained enormous wealth from the confiscated lands of Lancastrians in the Civil War. The earl had two daughters, and would be mortally offended if any other Englishwoman should become queen.

All Elizabeth's forebodings, however, proved unfounded. Edward had fallen madly in love with her, and so they met again and again under the great oak tree, and she did not bring her children with her to the trysting place! Later, when winter had softened into spring, and the forest glades were dappled with primroses and windflowers, they met again under the great oak, and the mighty Yorkist lord bent his knee to the Lancastrian widow, and pleaded that she should become his wife and queen.

That oak still stands near Grafton Lodge farm, about three-quarters of a mile from Grafton Regis village (Northants). It is known as the "Queen's Oak" to this day. (*Continued on page 64*)

The old part of Grafton Regis Manor, where the honeymoon was spent

No Place

WHEN the bedroom door snapped open it startled him. A waspish female poked out her head. "Sssh!" she said

BILL BURNETT was one of those tall men with shoulders that little men keep away from. But when you got to know him you found that he was pretty good-natured about the house; a bit absent-minded, perhaps, but a safe bet for taking the dog for a walk or unstopping the kitchen sink.

He was thinking as he parked his car round at the back of the block of flats that Mrs. B. was about to have the surprise of her young life. Here he was, her Dearly Beloved, coming home for the first time in their married life. And a day early at that.

He was singing in the boopa-da-doop style, without words but with lots of music, when he opened his own front door, with his brand new key. Bill had a powerful voice. When he played football at Cambridge you could hear it echoing round the stands as he tore people to pieces and they, in return, shredded him. He was expecting now that Sally at any moment would come screaming out to welcome him.

Even so, when the bedroom door snapped open, it startled him. A waspish female poked out her head. "Sssh!" she said and shut the door again.

Bill's song stopped and, hat half-way to its new chromium peg, he stood transfixed. He had never seen this woman before. It was so sudden that—now he came to think of it—he doubted whether he had seen her this time. He opened the bedroom door.

He had got his head inside before the door heaved back on him, almost decapitating him.

"You mustn't come in yet!" the female told him.

"Oh—I beg your pardon. But, just a minute. Why not?"

"What a question! When your wife is having a baby."

Bill withdrew his head, amiable as always. "Oh, I see. Sorry. I'll wait—my wife *what?*"

"The baby. Premature."

With an elbow Bill kept the door open. "Hey! We've only been married two months."

"That's none of my business," the woman said. "I'm here to help if I can." The door shut.

He laid aside the parcel he was carrying and took off his overcoat. Out of the corner of his eye he read his own name on the dog's collar hanging under his old felt hat, and at that moment he heard someone swear in the bathroom. Sally!

He dived down the hall and flung open the bathroom door. "Darling," he said, "what *is* all——"

"Get me the rubber mat out of the kitchen."

"Okay." He fetched it and handed it in.

"And the big bath towel."

"Okay." He turned back. "Sweetheart! You know me. Bill. Your husband."

She nodded absently. Young Mrs. B. had hair so black it looked almost blue, but her eyes were grey. Her legs were long and her figure most comely. She was stirring something in a bowl with a stick, her eyes glued to the page of a magazine propped against the mirror.

"Of course, I know you, Honeysuckle," she said patiently. "Bath towel."

He fetched the towel and handed it over. "Back," he said, "a day sooner than——"

"What did the man say?"

"Who?"

"*Darling!*" she cried, scrubbing hard at something unseen. "The man you phoned. What did he *say*?"

"Not me. I never telephoned any one."

"You telephoned the doctor and——" Struck by a sudden idea she swung round. "*Why! Precious!* It's you!"

"I was beginning to think it wasn't. Ouch!" He caught her as she flung her arms round his neck, kicking her satin mules up at the back until they flew off in all directions. "Explain," he ordered, "what the heck have you been up to? Who in hades is this vinegary female one sees knocking around the joint?"

"You'd never imagine! A strange woman gets hysterics about an hour ago in the lift when it gets stuck on this floor. The resident doctor has her carried in here because we've got a spare bed and you're away and she's about to have a baby. Isn't it sweet? Well, this Miss Parsons from the flat next door used to be a nurse and she's loving it. She's lapping it all up, telephoned the husband, called the woman's own gynæc—you know, doctor. Vera's here."

"Everybody happy," said Bill, setting his wife down.

THE Bros. Burnett had been going for matrimony of late. Young Joe was about to marry—this time without fail—Sally's bosom pal, Vera, who lived across the corridor. The first time the happy couple were to have been united, Young Joe unexpectedly got into the semi-final sculling, or something, at Henley, and he naturally postponed the wedding. Next time, Vera was so late turning up at the registrar's in Chelsea Joe had left the place and was already in an advanced state down at the "Seven Bells." The licence, however, was good for three months and they had happily decided not to waste it.

"I've brought the pair a silver rose bowl," Bill said.

"Darling!" She hefted the wedding gift admiringly. "But it must have cost oceans of money."

"I won it," Bill explained, "at Oxford. With Joe. Sculling. I am giving the hound my half."

"Go across to Vera's flat, my Tenfold Treasure, and tell her

THE distinguished surgeon was seated in Bill's study before the electric fire he had switched on. His legs were stretched across an occasional table and in his capable surgeon's hand a new double Scotch was lightly poised

Like Home

When a Young Husband Unexpectedly Returns Home Unexpected Things are Likely to Happen

By B. L. Jacot

to hurry back. She went to fetch a hot water bottle ages ago. Take her the rose bowl, my Meadow Pippet."

"Listen, Armful of Ecstasy! How long is this place going to be a maternity home?"

"My Honey-breathing Harbinger! As soon as that woman's fit to move, out she goes. The local doctor says it's a race between hysterics and the stork. Let her cool off. Now, get Vera."

"Right!"

She heard him cross the hall and the corridor and knock at Vera's door, calling "Yoo-hoo." She heard the door open and Bill say in a startled voice: "*Hey!*"

Something tinny rattled on the floor.

When Sally reached the scene Mr. Burnett was wiping a lather of soap-suds off his face and broad chest absently.

"Come now, my Chickadee, let me have it. What did you do?"

He drew a deep breath. "I knocked on the door and said yoo-hoo. Someone threw the door open and flung a bowl of soapy water in my face, then shut it."

"No comment?"

"Not a word said on either side."

Sally reflected. "Perhaps a gesture—an insulting movement of the face or hands?"

"Not on my side. Amy—why the bowl at the ready?"

"Hmm. I hadn't thought of that." Sally took the bowl. "Stand back, my Lion of Yahuda!" she ordered. "This is women's business."

From behind his own front door Bill saw Sally knock. With Sally you never knew what was going to happen. By the taste he could tell now that it had been shaving soap. "What is this?" a voice inquired.

"They're settling a bet," he said. "Oh—hello!" It was the vinegary woman from next door. "Tossing the basin. It should be good."

"Someone has covered you with water."

"Yes."

"Have you seen the specialist yet?"

"Here we go!" Bill announced, tense, as the door opposite flung back. But only Vera appeared. "Darling!" she said, "I thought it was that miserable hound, Joe."

"Your bowl," Sally said. "What's Joe done?"

"In the middle of shaving as I told him not to in my little kitchen, he breaks the news that it's off. He's been invited to Scotland for the fishing. So I threw him out and his line is now all right, he'll give up the fishing if that's the way I feel about it. I threw him out," Vera repeated, "and when the hound came crawling back to knock on my door and ask forgiveness, I threw his shaving water in his face."

A FRYING-PAN neatly swung hit him squarely on the back of his head, making the corridor ring like a gong

"You threw it in my Bill's face."

"Bill? Oh, well, they're brothers."

"Are you coming back to give me a hand with this mother-to-be?"

"This very moment, my Precious. If I can keep that Great Fish Lover out of my place."

"There is water all over the corridor," said Miss Parsons.

"An old bridal custom," Bill told her. "Hello, girls!"

They passed him without a word. "I've got your wedding present," he called after Vera, a trim little figure in slacks.

"Save it for your children," Vera said.

Bill poured himself a bottle of beer, cold from the refrigerator, and eyed the clock as he drank. It was 8.30 p.m. and he felt he could have done with some chow. A voice on the fire escape outside cried: "You in there! Is this the kitchen?"

Bill opened the door and let in an elderly man with distinguished silver hair. He had no hat or coat. "I saw your shadow, drinking beer," the newcomer said. He picked up a bottle. "Don't you folk answer front door bells?"

"We're having a baby in the house," Bill began. "But, of course, you're the specialist! I'm sorry. The—the mother is in there."

"Women!" the Harley Street man said. "Women are always in a hurry." He sat down and poured himself a glass of beer. "Here's how!" he said.

They drank four bottles of beer, then Bill brought out some cold sausage and pickles and

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

"Pay no attention to him," Sally said. "Get your patient. She's in there with the doctor"

a loaf of Vienna bread. "What about a Scotch, Doc.?" he asked. He was getting on famously with this Harley Street specialist.

"Just the thing. Make mine a stiff one."

Bill poured him four fingers. "Steadies the nerves," he thought. "These fellows need it." The telephone in the hall rang.

"Hello, this is Joe," the receiver said.

"The hell it is," Bill remarked. "What have you been up to?"

"I hope I never see that hellcat again."

It was clear that Joe was bottled. "I'm coming up to smash every window in her house," he added. "Tell her that, ole boy, will you?"

"Hey!" Bill shouted. "Hey!" but his brother had hung up.

The kitchen was empty and he thought the specialist must have gone in belatedly to his merciful task. But the distinguished surgeon was seated in Bill's study before the electric fire he had switched on. His legs were stretched across an occasional table and in his capable surgeon's hand a new double Scotch was lightly poised.

"So we're about to become a father, eh?" the surgeon said.

"No relation," Bill told him shortly. "What about seeing if the mother can be moved?"

The old man shook his head. "Shouldn't advise it, old man. No, no. No, no, no, no."

Bill watched him more closely.

"Not wise . . . not at all wise. Not wise at all. Not at all. No. Not at all."

Women's voices sounded in the hall. Vera was standing hands on hips, tossing the hair furiously out of her eyes. "Whose," she was asking, "whose house does she think this is?"

"Hey! What's wrong, ladies?"

Sally turned on him. "The Parsons woman," she said. "She's the one who complained about the music and people dancing up here, and now——"

"Dancing? I hadn't heard of this, my Linnet. In my absence you abandoned yourself to dancing?"

"Of course she did, you oaf," Vera put in. "Did you expect her to fold her hands and sit thinking of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, there was dancing and such."

"*And* such?" Bill inquired.

"Listen, you two! Stop arguing and help get this woman out."

At that moment there was the sound of a crash of breaking glass from across the corridor. Bill started guiltily. "Better get back to your nest, Vera," he said, and as she went, like a streak across the hall, a fresh bomb-burst of breaking glass sped her on her way.

"The doctor has telephoned for the ambulance," Sally was saying when a head appeared at the bedroom door, beckoning.

"*Who was that?*" Bill demanded.

"The specialist."

"But—he's in the kitchen," Bill began, then an idea came to him. He took the hall at a run. He searched his study. He searched the flat. "Darling!" he called. "Precious!"

"What now?" Sally demanded loudly from the bedroom door.

"A fellow came in through the fire escape and I thought he was the doctor. He drank half a dozen bottles of beer in the kitchen then went on to Scotch in the study."

"And you thought he was the doctor, my Pet? Proceed."

"He's cleared off with Joe's wedding present. I showed it to him."

"That was thoughtful of you. And then?"

Bill shifted his weight to the other foot. "Take a look at your dressing-table, my Cherished One. Looks to me as if he's made a clean sweep of your new toilet set."

"*What!*" He followed her at a gallop in their bedroom, flinching at her low moan. "You great oaf!" Sally said. "You and your fellow-souses! You and your pals who pop in through the fire escape! For heaven's sake ring up the management. Ring up the police, or something!"

The whir of the front door bell broke the tension.

"Answer it!" Sally cried.

"Not me."

"Open that door, or I'll murder you!"

"All right." He covered his head and shoulders carefully with a raincoat and, groping for the handle, opened the front door.

"Ambulance," a voice announced from without. "Is this No. 43?—Mrs. Burnett?"

"Pay no attention to him," Sally said. "Get your patient. She's in there with the doctor."

Still struggling with the raincoat Bill heard a crash across the landing. He saw his brother, Joe, reel out of Vera's flat, fanning the air with his arms, and rushing forth just caught the sagging figure before it hit the floor.

As Bill pushed to his feet from the (*Continued on page* 66)

"JUST keep your mouth still for a minute," begged Bill, "and let me kiss you"

My friend and I were discussing the gentle art of queueing. "I am no expert," said she, "except on stocking queues, and I am quite certain that these are the matiest queues of all. It doesn't matter how far down the line you are, you always know exactly what is happening up at the counter. Yesterday," she went on, "when I was off duty, I joined a stocking queue in Regent Street. I asked a woman whether she thought we were queueing for fully-fashioned, and she said 'Yes, indeed, but slightly sub-standard.' So I fell out of that queue and joined one in Knightsbridge. Here the rumour came rapidly down the line that all the eight-and-a-half's were gone. So I fell out of that queue. The third time I was lucky and got right up to the counter, where I stood behind a woman who was dilly-dallying over the question of size. The girl behind the counter said to her: 'Well, madam, don't let me over-persuade you.' And you should have seen the way the customer snapped up the stockings in question."

"The fruits of all this queueing were two pairs of very nice-looking beige stockings, three coupons each, price, I think, 4s. 11d., although my friend added sadly: "Of course, they are not Kaiser Bondor: I suppose that would be too much to hope for."

Jane Gordon

NEVER have so few cosmetics been shared by so many women, and judging by the letters I get from all over the country, it would appear that the harder a woman works, the less chance she has of getting any beauty aid. I am beginning to understand the motives that made Robin Hood steal from the rich to give to the poor. Personally, I would like to withhold every cosmetic and every beauty treatment from the women who can afford the time to get them, and hand them over to the women who work. If I had my way, no woman would be entitled to any beauty treatment of any sort, kind or description unless she could prove that she was doing a full-time job of work; and treatments would only be given after working hours.

As I am not likely to be able to get my way in this matter, the least I can do is to tell you what treatments are available, and what preparations you can get by mail order even if you live in a provincial town where the local stores are as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

A small Bond Street beauty parlour that I knew well before the war is still carrying on its good work. From here you can order by post a wax treatment set for home use. The actual set costs 5s. 9d., and includes the wax, saucepan, spatula, and full instructions. Threepence extra must be added for postage. Refills, which consist of the wax only, are 4s. 1d., plus threepence postage. This wax treatment is very popular with women who are bothered by superfluous hair on lip and chin.

The treatment given at the beauty parlour costs 3s. 6d. for upper lip only, and 5s. 6d. for lip and chin.

Another popular treatment at this particular beauty parlour is the half-hour facial for 3s. 6d., including the make-up. They still have two-day creams which can be ordered, both costing 4s. 1d., plus fivepence postage—the Lotus cream for dry skins, and the Protective cream for greasy skins; and a Rose skin food and cleanser combined. This is one of those liquefying creams which are so hard to come by in these days, and the price is 4s. 6d., plus fivepence postage.

Skin tonics and astringent lotions are as rare as champagne, but I know where you can get an astringent lotion made up for 2s. and 3s. 6d. a bottle, and a skin tonic for the same price. Of the two, the astringent lotion is the milder.

Now here are the answers to questions I have been getting about hair. I can give you a London address with a Sloane telephone number where they specialise in West End hair styling which will cost you about 10s. A full hair-cut is 5s.; shampoo and set, 4s. 6d. This hairdresser is open at 8.30 a.m. till 6 p.m., and caters particularly for Service girls. If you are in the Services, you can get your hair styled and shaped in such a way that you can easily set it yourself afterwards. The permanent waving costs from 2½ guineas.

At another address, also in this part of London, you can get free consultations in hair styling, permanent waving, tinting and wig-making.

The most exclusive hairdresser in London, who, in my opinion, tints and bleaches hair better than anyone else, is very "choosy" about his clients.

His salon is like a small drawing-room with about six mirrors, tables, and comfortable chairs arranged around the walls. I saw him comb through and set three heads of hair in fifteen minutes, and never have I seen such superb work. He showed me two of his assistants; one had had her hair bleached from darkest brown to soft blonde, and then permed. This is one of the most difficult jobs in the hairdressing trade, and there was nothing brassy-looking about the result. It was the most natural blonde I have ever seen, with light and shade in the hair. The other was an ash blonde, but the hair had been left as soft as a baby's. His tinting and bleaching are a specialised method of his own. The first bleach and tint is 5 guineas. and the touching-up 1 guinea for bleached hair and 2 guineas for tinted hair. To get the hair in good condition he gives an oil shampoo, which is 6s. 6d.

EXTRACT FROM A READER'S LETTER.

. . . I am a Wren, age 50—with two schoolboy sons—and three serving on foreign service in the Royal Navy.

I lost my husband in the blitz in January 1941, and have to keep my smaller boys—one is just 12—and at 50 one is in competition with extremely able and efficient girls of 25 and thereabouts. My job I can carry—better than the younger members, but I must keep my "50" as elastic as the "25"; the same work is done by us all and means being on my feet from the time I get up at 5.20 a.m. until I finish work at 4.15, return to my cottage, do the housework, etc., for the day; bed, 11.30 to 12. I am taking ten minutes to ask several questions . . .

NOW is the time to get your furs in good condition for the winter. It behoves us to take good care of any furs we may have, for they are sure to be hard to come by, even when the war is over.

It was a lucky day for me when I found a really good little fur shop in the West End. They are taking only two weeks to clean my full-length skunk coat which has been without the benefit of care or attention since I had it one year before the war, and they are charging me only 30s., and will then give me an estimate for making it look like new. (*Continued on page 67*)

For names and addresses send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

What's on your Mind?

"THE WORLD IS OUR BACK YARD"

Asked why they preferred to live in a caravan rather than to inhabit one of the new labour-saving, streamline, pre-fabricated cottages recently built in this locality, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham replied that a settled life no longer appealed to th— ter their the last case, we ighbours it, an yard."

A SERVANTS' CHARTER

Findings of the Select Committee appointed to investigate conditions of domestic service, include the recommendation of a Servants' Charter laying down conditions of employment, rates of pay, and a schedule of working hours based upon official regulations.

WOMEN AFTER THE WAR. Something like 70 per cent. of the women of this country have, through the war, achieved a complete financial independence in the past few years. This significant fact opens a wide field of speculation and endless channels of discussion. What is to happen to women in the future?

Some say that married women will have to be given some sort of independent status. Others insist that women living under happy, fulfilled conditions do not give a snap for freedom and independence. Whichever view may be right, public opinion will certainly have to adjust itself to a more elastic view in the future. War has proved that women can work outside, maintaining a degree of self-sufficiency, whilst running a home. Day nurseries are still in their infancy. Splendid as they have been, they can be improved still more.

Whatever transpires, women have won their freedom to decide for themselves between absolute dependence and a career. No sort of stigma must attach to the woman with family responsibilities who, by temperament, finds herself happier as a worker and as master of her own finances.

Women who have played an intelligent and, in many cases, an heroic part in the conduct of the war, demand this acknowledgement of their ability and freedom to participate in the affairs of the new world.

The founding of the Day Nursery for war purposes has started something which opens a new and promising field of experiment for the woman of the future who intends to combine a career and a degree of financial independence with the serious business of motherhood.

The pub . . . that irreplaceable institution of British life, the meeting-ground of the people, the indispensable support of our leisure; but it represents a narrow interpretation of the good use to which leisure can be put.

LEISURE, like food, is a topic which crops up inevitably in current conversation because of the new interest which scarcity has lent it. Some of us who have been so long out of touch with sustained leisure talk of it, with a nostalgic longing, as something which can take whatever form it will, so long as it is leisure.

Others who have been separated from the old peaceful habits of leisure ask if we cannot make leisure a less haphazard and more useful asset than it was formerly.

"I look back," said one woman recently, "and ask myself what we did with all those hours of leisure that was worth doing. . . . Drinking, visiting, holiday-making, taking in sports occasionally. . . . This wartime life of activity and endeavour has made all that seem rather silly."

Intelligent opinion everywhere supports the view that our precious hours away from the struggle to live could be employed more profitably and in a far more satisfying way than by just supporting the local or going to the pictures.

This is no indictment of the pub, or the movies, or of any of those pleasant institutions which have served us so well in the past. Opinion does concede, however, that we need more organisation and more thought in the expenditure of our spare time.

Somebody has suggested a Ministry of Leisure after the war, and why not? Our finer perceptions need cultivating, and the object of such a Ministry might be to organise the facilities for active or mental recreation so that we should utilise off-duty time with the intelligence which makes pleasure worth while.

2 DAYS OFF FOR ALL
Citrine plans fo
40-hour week
By TREVOR EVA
STEPS now being
give Britain a
working week after
are outlined by
Citrine, general s
the Trades Union
In one of his per
reports to the Britis
EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN IN THE U.S.A.
By MARY ANDERSON, Director, Women's Bureau, U.S. Department of Labour
"WAGES should be established on the basis of occupation and not on the basis of sex"—this has been

THE THINGS WE TALK ABOUT TO-DAY ARE INDICATIVE OF THE ACTION WE SHALL TAKE TO-MORROW. HERE IS A SLANT UPON SOME CURRENT THOUGHT AND, PERHAPS, A GUIDE TO THE ROAD TO WHICH DISCUSSION IS TAKING US.

WHERE TO LIVE. It is a fact that war, and the changes which it has brought to the average person's way of life, has also brought a change of outlook.

Women everywhere are saying, "I can't live in a flat again. I want a real home, something more permanent." Others are asking, "Will there ever be enough homes for us again?"

At this point, people are finding it difficult to decide how they want to live, and where. Five years of war is unsettling, but it has taught us a few things.

Some of us have learned that a home, wherever it is, is such a precious thing that it matters little, within reason, what shape or situation it assumes. Nevertheless, we are not to be fobbed off with indifferent homes. Women are talking and planning to demand a much higher standard of design and construction. They are tired of the indifference and the inefficiency which permitted the average house to be so absurdly lacking in elementary amenities.

People show a healthy inclination to discard the old conventional ways of living. Men and women who have learned the joys of an open-air life want to continue with it. For them the conventional four walls are out in favour of, perhaps, a houseboat.

It is clear that we are more resourceful, less bound by habit; perhaps even more fully aware that wherever one may choose to live, contentment depends upon one's own ability to make a home.

Before the war the houseboat was an accepted but exclusive way of life. To-morrow may bring it a more general following. The picture is of Cubitt's Dock, London, where boat-owners once lived aboard in winter and went cruising in summer.

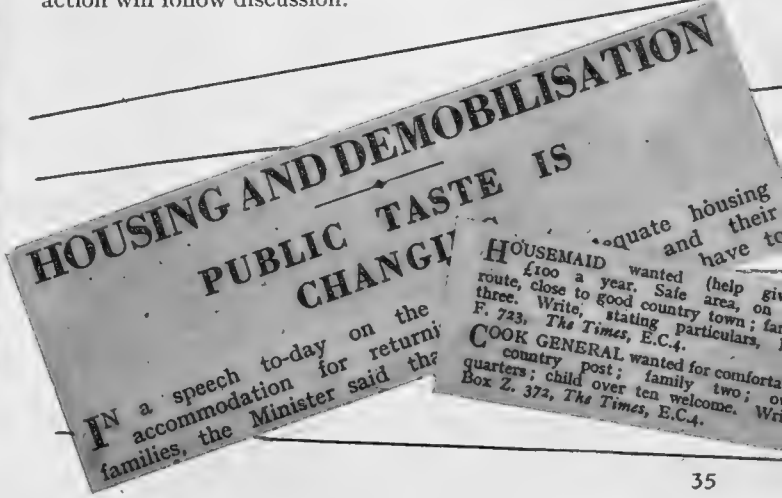
A scene from the brilliant film of Frederick Lonsdale's play, "On Approval." It shows a leisured woman, attended by the kind of servants who are just a memory; but the modern woman will not regret the passing of an easy but helpless phase.

DOMESTIC WORKERS. Pessimistic viewpoints will have it that domestic workers are a thing of the past. Near-pessimists think that the home help, fresh from the freedom and higher wage rates of industrial employment, will be hard to handle. Cheerful, common-sense opinion says that neither of these situations may arise.

Occasionally, you hear it said that the war has laid the foundations of a new order in domestic service which will benefit both the employer and the employed.

It is no use denying that the average servant had a pretty poor time of it before the war. Long hours, low pay, no definite schedule of duties, no responsible dignified status.

This is merely a personal opinion, but I do feel that women will return to domestic service and that, given the right conditions, they will do so willingly. It may be that some form of official control of hours and wages will come along. There is talk of it already, and good reason to suppose that action will follow discussion.


HOUSING AND DEMOBILISATION
PUBLIC TASTE IS
CHANGI
IN a speech to-day on the
accommodation for returni
families, the Minister said tha
HOUSEMAID wanted
£100 a year. Safe
route, close to good country town; fa
three. Write, stating particulars,
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COOK GENERAL wanted for comforta
country post; family two;
quarters; child over ten welcome. Wri
Box Z. 372, The Times, E.C.4.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

•NEW NECKLINE•

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Wm. Briggs Melody knitting, 3-ply. No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7½ st. and 10 rows to 1-in. in the dotted part.

THE BACK

Cast on 94 st. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 3 ins. Change to the following pattern (k. 2 tog. to make 93 st.):

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P. Repeat these 2 rows until 24 are worked. Now work a row of dots as follows: K. 10 st. *Into next st. work k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. S. the 4th of these st. over the 5th, then 3rd over 5th, and so on, until there is only 5th st. left. K. 17 st. Repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 10.

Next row.—P. Now work 22 more rows of stocking st., increasing at beg. and end of every 4th row. Now work a row of dots as follows (103 st.): K. 6 st. *Work dot into next st., k. 17, repeat from * until end of row, ending k. 6. P. 1 row.

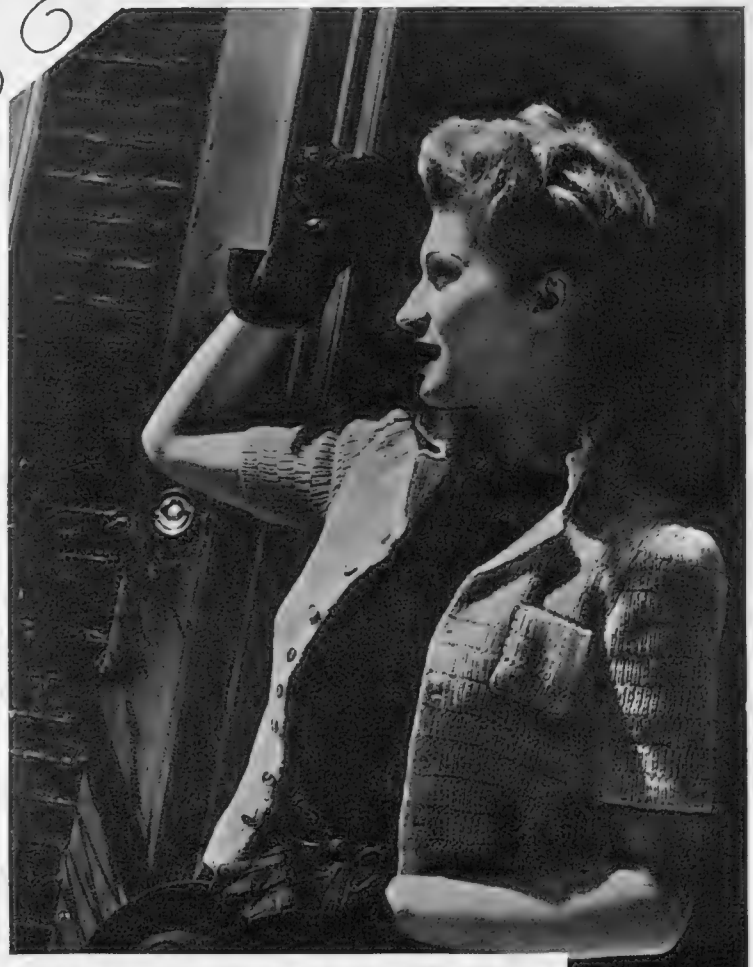
Work 22 rows stocking st. (still increasing every 4th row). Now work dots above 1st row and continue in this manner, working dots alternately, until there are 117 st. Work straight until there are 13 ins. straight up centre. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 93 st. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. Change to k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 33 st. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are reached. Now work on 59 st. (leaving other 58 on holder until later). K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row, and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every other row until there are 12 decreases at armhole. Continue the decreasing at other edge, and keep armhole edge (*Continued on page* 67)

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; wl. fwd.=wool forward.



•SHORT-SLEEVED JACKET•

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Lister's Lavenda, 3-ply; 8 buttons; No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19½ ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 st. Work the following pattern:

1st row.—*K. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 1. **2nd row.**—As first.

Repeat these 2 rows until 10 are worked.

11th row.—*P. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 1.

12th row.—As 11th. Repeat these 2 rows until 10 are worked. These 20 rows form the pattern. When there are 4 ins., m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 138 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 34 st. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 88 st. Work the pattern for 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 st. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 st. Work the pattern until there are 4 ins. M. 1 st. at right edge of work on every 4th row until there are 62 st. Work straight until there are 13 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 17 decreases made. Work straight (*Continued on page* 67)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

LITTLE BLACK FROCK

Teamed with all-black accessories, it crystallises elegance and good dressing. But you would also get backward glances if you wore it with emerald, fuchsia or royal hat and matching gloves. This Percy Trilnick model emphasises its two-piece-like front cut with deep, black satin pockets. The black satin neck-band which ties high at the throat, dips to a V in back of yoke. The narrow satin belt, three-quarter sleeves, the slight dip at back of waist, pile up the good detail. Obtainable next month, at Walpole's. London, and Arnott Simpson, Glasgow. Approximate price, £7 17s. 6d.

COUPON SAVER

For eight coupons, here is a two-piece street outfit for early autumn, or a cosy dress to go beneath your coat next winter. Furthermore, top and skirt obligingly merge with other clothes. In Vel-crepe jersey fabric knitted in rayon, a smooth, velour-type material, it has all the Wolsey characteristics of good cut, styling, detailing, finish. It comes in nine good colours, with contrasting suede belt, and many sizes. Approximately £6 8s. to £6 18s., according to size. Obtainable at good shops throughout the country, the first week in October.

A NEW LINE

Expressing verve and dash, this beautifully tailored top coat in camel-type material is a longish three-quarters, with fine shoulders, swaggering breadth of rever, flaring fulness held in at waist by darts and a casual tie belt. It looks wonderful, worn by a tall woman with a tight skirt. Little women should avoid it. In red, camel, ice-blue and black. £12 15s. 11d. A Dereta model from Simpson's, Piccadilly, and Galeries Lafayette.

OLD CHINA, SILVER, GLASS . . .

COLLECTING old china, glass and silver is an occupation for either war or peace. It combines an æsthetic charm and an escapist value with a practical aspect.

An elementary knowledge of origins and identification is essential before you begin seriously to collect, but if your desire is simply to acquire these things for their decorative value rather than for their rarity and intrinsic worth, you can get by with a natural instinct for beauty plus a smattering of practical knowledge.

The better-known types of pottery and porcelain, such as Worcester, Staffordshire, Wedgwood, Derby, Copeland and Chelsea, are most likely to appeal to the new collector. These types have certain distinguishing features. For instance, Staffordshire potters produced the familiar and exquisite china animal figures in great numbers. Even the uninitiated can identify the delicate blue and white vases of Wedgwood and the brightly-coloured Chelsea figures. But other and more varied types of pottery and porcelain have come from the same sources.

Symbols need considerable study. Certain factories adopted their own symbol, but individual artists added their signs, and it is only the better-known and more prolific artists which are easily recognisable to the new collector.

Generally speaking, the names Worcester, Staffordshire, etc., refer to pottery and china produced by a local process with the clay and materials of the locality. Several factories and innumerable artists may have been at work producing treasures of a varied character. Silver and glass presents fewer complications to the collector, since it was not produced in such quantities.

A collector's book should give enough guidance to satisfy modest requirements without entering the more rarefied atmosphere of the museum piece.

HOW TO CHERISH IT

IF you are the lucky possessor of a collection of good china, glass and silver, whether or not it is made up from treasures of the past or of the present, look after it tenderly.

So far as silver is concerned, there is practically nothing to be said for the habit of packing it away, however valuable it may be or however shocked your Great Aunt Catherine would be if she could see it in daily use.

Of course, the tendency to-day is to banish anything that makes for more work, but I am prepared to wager that nobody with more than an assumed reverence for beauty will pack beautiful silver or glass away from sight for the sake of a little spit and polish.

1. A fine collection of Bristol glass provides the colour theme of this exquisite dining-room. The glass-fronted china cupboard is subtly illuminated from within

2. A Georgian silver tea set of exquisitely delicate design and a tea caddy of the same period, though rather more ornate in its extraneous decoration, are combined here with the fragile colouring of Crown Staffordshire china-ware

3. Dresden china coffee cups of classical beauty and fine colouring, with Georgian spoons and a heavily wrought coffee pot, also of Georgian origin, make a perfect decoration on the table and elsewhere

4. Bookcase shelves have been used as a display cabinet for a mixed collection of willow pattern and Chinese porcelain, with a few additional pieces of graceful cut glass

5. A Georgian loving-cup holds flowers on the left. The graceful glass decanter is engraved with a lacy pattern

6. From the point of view of home decoration the display of old china and glass is as important as the pieces themselves. This alcove was built into a chimney breast

In any case, keeping silver in good condition only becomes a really arduous job when the work is neglected.

Good silver should be used constantly. It improves it. If it happens to be table silver, wash it constantly in hot soapy water and never fail to do this before polishing it.

Rinse very carefully in clear hot water after the first wash. Dry thoroughly with a cloth or a leather, then apply a good brand of plate polish. Rub the cleaner on in an up-and-down motion. Not crosswise or circular.

Keep two or more brushes for chased silver. Use one to lay on the cleaner and another to brush it out of the crevices. On no account use a brush on the plain surfaces. Incidentally, your good silver can be professionally repolished occasionally. Scratches and stains can be removed by electrical buffers which remarkably restore the original lustre of the silver.

If you must keep silver stacked away, wrap it in unbleached flannel. Tie the bags tightly at the neck with tape and store in a box or drawer as nearly airtight as possible.

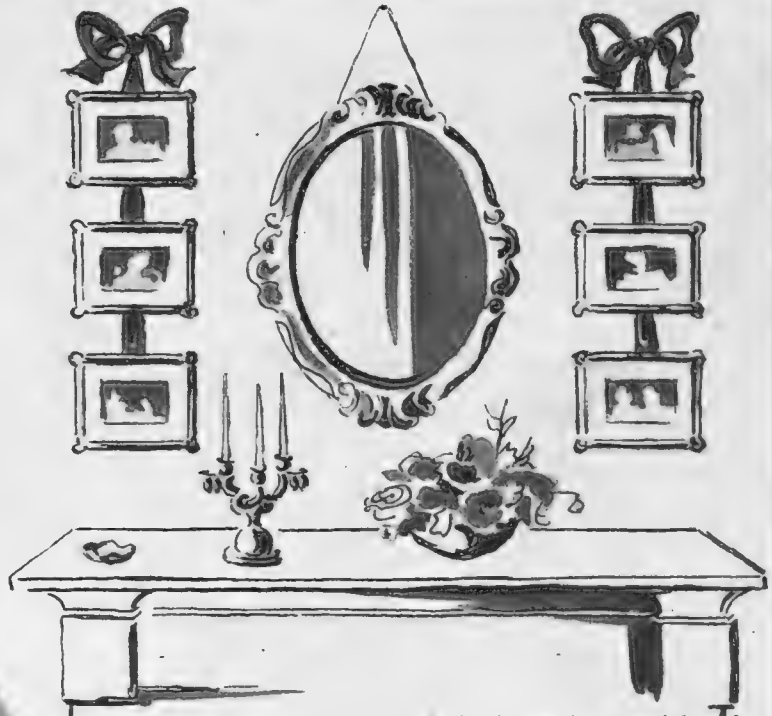
China and glass needs nothing more than regular and thorough washing to keep it lustrous and beautiful.

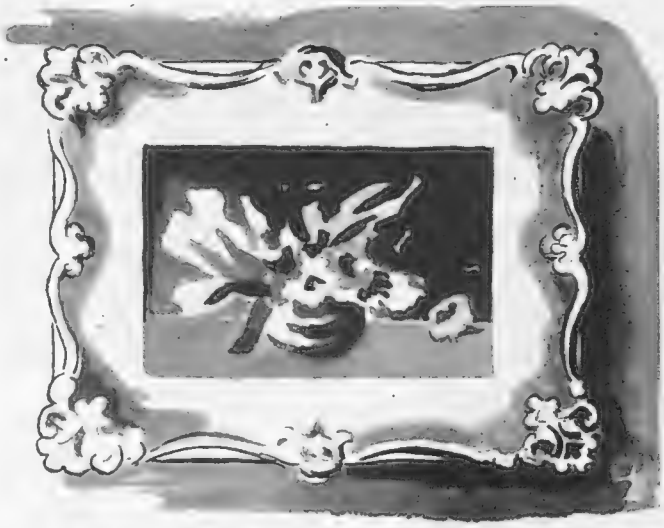
Delicately wrought china with moulded relief work must, of course, be handled with the utmost care. Dip the china in a warm bowl of soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added. Clean out dusty crevices with a soft shaving brush. Dip into clean hot water to rinse and dry carefully with a leather.

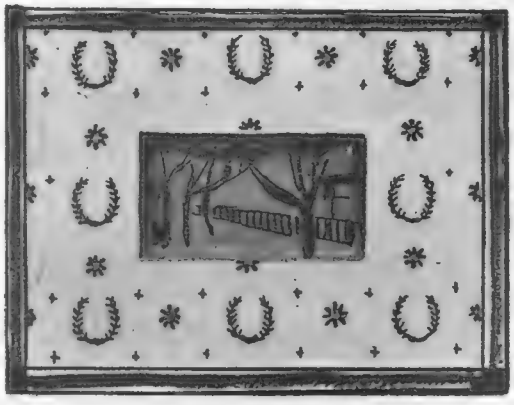
When washing fragile china and glass, it is advisable to fold a clean tea cloth and line the bowl with it before putting in the water. This is to reduce the risk of breakage.

FRAME UP

ONCE YOU SPENT YOUR HOLIDAYS FAR FROM HOUSEHOLD TASKS. TO-DAY, HOLIDAYING WHERE YOU LIVE, YOU CAN TAKE IN A LITTLE LIGHT EMPLOYMENT, WITH REWARDS BOTH TO YOURSELF AND YOUR HOME







Overhauling the pictures around the house is a useful and pleasant diversion, giving a refreshing appearance to tired-out rooms. The advantages are lasting.

Take a look at the framing and the arrangement of your pictures. Many people have adopted a conventional style which a little invention and patience can improve.

A new mounting, a painted frame, a different kind of grouping will give fresh interest and attraction to familiar pictures.

New framings are not easy to obtain, but old frames can still be bought at second-hand dealers and used with some charming effects, as in the case of the first sketch on the left, showing a vivid flower picture which was formerly framed with conventional black.

This was removed and replaced by an old, heavily-moulded gilt frame which had first been given a beauty treatment.

Chipped corners were filled in with plastic wood, which can be bought at any hardware store. The frame was then repainted an antique white. Cream paint, or even a bright colour, looks equally well, according to the colouring of the wall behind and the scheme of decoration in which it is to take part.

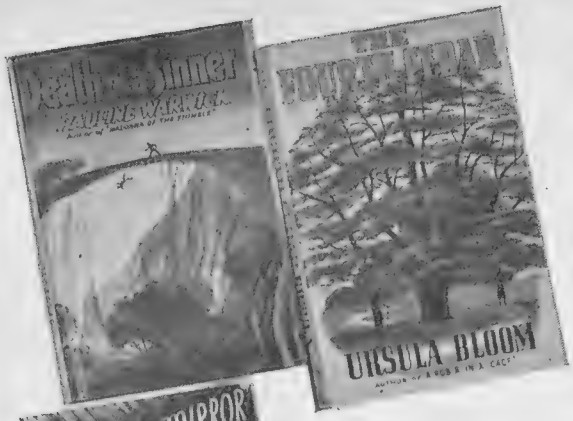
Old coloured prints or Victorian fashion plates pasted flat on to the wall are delicate and graceful with a hand-painted frame like that in the sketch below.

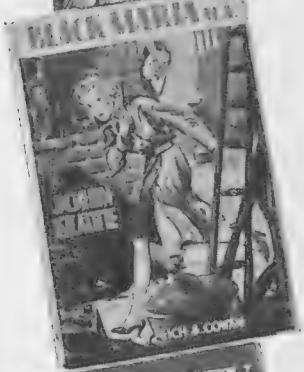
The smallest talent with a pencil and brush is sufficient to trace and paint a simple decoration like the fan pattern in the drawing. A stencil could be used if you are not too confident of your steadiness with a freehand brush.

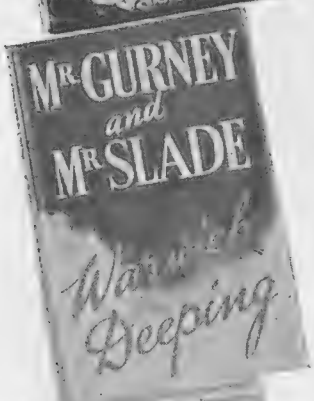
A strip of wide, coloured ribbon or velvet, topped with a bow, and used as a background to a vertical arrangement of small pictures lightly framed, makes another original arrangement. A strip on each side of a charming mirror above a mantelpiece is pictured above.

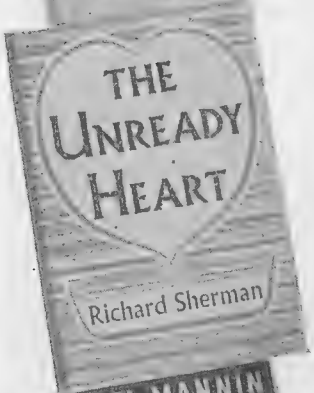
Most homes have some good old pictures which can be improved by a more modern framing. Remove the picture from its old setting and remount it on coloured wallpaper, or even, if the picture is suitable to such a treatment, on a delicately patterned one like the example on the left.

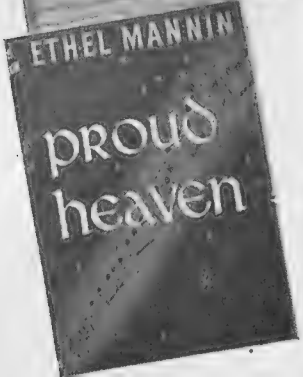
Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*











DOES Mussolini, in ignominious eclipse, think of the Donna Elena whom he wooed with such ardour on the romantic isle of Ischia in Naples Bay, while her politician husband, Arturo Zappi, was conveniently absent in Rome? Gervée Baronte purports to tell the story of that intrigue in "More Truth than Poetry" (Morgan, Laird, 10s. 6d.), and it implies that if a man is no hero to his valet, much less is a Sawdust Cæsar to his mistress. While he saw himself as the totalitarian lover, she saw him as a grand-dad who puffed and blew but could not abandon his interest in women. "He has no vitality to throw into the game now," she thought. "He has only desire and the determination not to be shelved. He is always thinking about his Youth Movement. He thinks he belongs to it." When he took her in his arms and kissed her hair, eyelids, lips—"*cara mia, cara mia*"—he was "marshalling his passion as he marshalled his Fascists." Also, he was riddled with superstition about charms and portents, and loved to tell fortunes from cards. The Poetry is there; how could it fail to be, with such a setting and such an exotic Calypso, of whom we are told: "Latin love and torture lived in every line of the woman." The Truth we have to take largely on trust, since the story is in novel form; but it makes luscious reading.

"Even the great and the so-called great had to seek love," Elena reflected; and that applies not only to Cæsar, but to the celebrated League of Nations sociologist, Lucian Allington, in Miss Ethel Mannin's **"Proud Heaven"** (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.). After his death, his widow, an obscure nonentity, discovers that he has been the lover of a famous woman violinist, and vows to publish an exposure; but his faithful secretary and friend determines to prevent her. The League and much he worked for may be dead, but not Lucian, whose spirit goes marching on to influence the living. This is a theme Miss Mannin cannot fail to excel at. We are convinced of Lucian's idealism, if not of his greatness; and there is no doubt of the reality of the humbly-born violinist, a girl after her own heart.

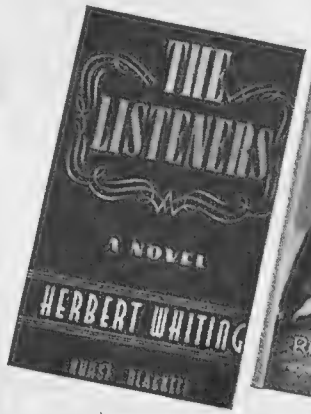
ENGLISH readers, especially in country districts, show a tender concern for the fortunes of curates. A great number will therefore like Mr. Warwick Deeping's Mr. Gurney in **"Mr. Gurney and Mr. Slade"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). Separated from a young siren wife, now a lady of the town, he still sees her twice a year in London—most indiscreetly—and finds himself in a first-class scandal when he is shadowed and reported to his vicar. He clears himself, naturally. After falling in love with Slade's widowed daughter, he even countenances a divorce. More than that, he joins the 1914 war as an Army chaplain, loses a leg, gains an M.C. and bar, and duly becomes vicar of Southfleet himself. Sentimental? Perhaps—but nicely told; and how can you avoid being sentimental about curates who are martyrs to moral suspicion?

I HAVE been astonished at the number of gentle virtuous women who gloried in the play *This Was A Woman* because it depicted a downright bad Messalina with no redeeming trait. Is there a murderess hidden in every sylph, and does she find in this drama a sinister wish-fulfilment? Miss Joan Morgan's **"Many Sided Mirror"** (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.) is her novelization of the sadistic Olivia Russell who destroys her dog, torments her children, corrupts true love, lends her maid "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and poisons her inoffensive suburban hubby. Whether or not it is as effective as the play, husbands who see the wife reading it should keep a sharp eye on the carving-knife and watch out for the first evil leer. Remember, this was a woman . . . (*Continued on page* 61)

Yanks In London

OUR American friends are so up-to-the-minute that the Yankee invasion of London's West End was bound to produce a novel. Mr. Richard Sherman's **"The Unready Heart"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.) shows the reactions of two Americans over here to a good-time English girl who dodges the call-up but not the Forces, though she prefers the sheltering arms of a B.B.C. job to those of any wooer, even a transatlantic one. Why? you may ask. Well, the worldly-wise Barbara has a friend, Doris, who keeps yearning for her lance-jack husband in Libya, and that makes Barbara resolve to keep her heart, at all costs, out of deep entanglements—meaning Paul, U.S. broadcasting ace, and Earl, charming young U.S. airman, whom she marries—rebelliously—just before he is killed. In the end she joins the WAAF—which, as every one knows, for any good-time girl is equivalent to going into a nunnery.

Mr. Sherman, Harvard graduate, formerly of **Vanity Fair** staff and short-story writer, draws a deft picture of our wartime West End from eighteen months' experience here in the U.S. Army. He writes such kind, wise things about Anglo-U.S. friendship that I am eager to disbelieve a very unofficial story of the Teheran Conference: Roosevelt asked Churchill, "You have no territorial aims?" "No," replied Winston, "except one." "Ah! And what is that?" "We *should* like Mayfair back!"



Personal Portrait:-

Flight-Lieut. Terence Rattigan

By Wilma Buckley

TERENCE RATTIGAN is a quite unusual person because he is not at all what one would expect him to be.

When I first met him (at a "literary" cocktail party in Albany), I had imagined that I was going to be confronted with someone redoubtably brilliant, coruscating with wit and epigrams and hard to live up to conversationally.

I met, instead, a charmingly diffident young man, easy to talk to—even as you or I might be—and completely without any of that irritatingly patronizing self-assurance which is often the *specialité de la maison* of the celebrated.

It is rather more than unusual, in this day and age, to come across somebody quite unspoiled by success; a playwright who established himself at one bound, so to speak (*French Without Tears*), and who yet cannot get used to the fact that he has done it and can do it again.

He is genuinely unsure of his talent in a personal sense and therefore does not visualize himself, consciously or unconsciously, as The Successful Author; the result being extremely pleasant.

Terence Rattigan's characters can be mordant, caustic, flighty, temperamental, pungently cynical; he is none of these things. He is gentle, easy-going and tactful. I am guaranteed, by someone who has known him for a long time, that he never loses his temper. And I know myself that he does not come out with those acid, if convulsing, personal remarks which get a laugh every time.

It all goes into his writing, for his powers of observation are acute beyond the average (he would have made an excellent reporter) and he sizes up a situation or an "atmosphere" in the twinkling of an eye.

A shrewd observer and a patient listener—combined attributes rare in the young and rare enough among authors of any age. This faculty for penetrating and instantaneous perception is Rattigan's special gift, exampled by the fact that he wrote *While The Sun Shines*, with its authentic Albany flavour, only a week after he had first become an Albany inhabitant.

Terence Rattigan is thirty-two; he was born in London and has remained an ardent Londoner ever since. The Rattigans are a Co. Mayo family but, as he says himself: "We are phoney Irish, really; none of us are ever in Ireland."

Destined for diplomacy (I can see him perfectly in this role, since charm and tact—concealing a sharp knowledge of what makes the human wheels go round—are ideal ambassadorial features), Rattigan went to Harrow and Trinity, Oxford, and then abroad for language-acquiring: German near Karlsruhe, French with M. Martin, the famous Paris University professor. Attendance at M. Martin's establishment provided the basis for *French Without Tears*, time well spent, if for a purpose other than that originally intended!

But the prospect of a diplomatic career went steadily against the grain, as did the whole of this smoothly conventional, mapped-out background; the young Rattigan had other aspirations. With a fellow-undergraduate as collaborator, he wrote a play named *First Episode* (this ran for three months) and at the age of twenty-two decided to earn a future living as playwright rather than diplomat, a major decision which had been brewing for some time. His father, with commendable fortitude, gave him a year's allowance and a year's time in which to prove the wisdom (or otherwise) of such a sidestep from the appointed track.

The year stretched out, so promisingly long in appearance at first and the year slipped by—as years do; manager after manager refused the play that Rattigan had written during this probationary period. Time was nearly up, things were beginning to look black—when, dramatically and with an eleventh-hour touch, A. D. Peters and the firm of O'Bryen, Linnit and Dunfee accepted and produced *French Without Tears*, to their eternal credit. It was an immediate success and the author found himself well and truly launched.

After The Dance appeared in 1939 but suffered from the theatrical slump naturally brought about by the outbreak of war; then came *Flare Path* and *While The Sun Shines*.

Rattigan joined the Royal Air Force in August, 1940 as an air gunner and was with both Canadian and English squadrons. At the present moment he is writing for the R.A.F. film unit, making Anglo-American training films.

Terence Rattigan in his white-panelled Albany rooms overlooking the "Rope-walk" (at top). The famous playwright is an enthusiastic collector of antiques. He is seated at a lyre-strutted Regency sofa table, and on the wall is a finely carved and gilded Queen Anne mirror

Personalities of achievement usually show traces of their particular bent at an early age. Rattigan's theatre-sense dates from a stage-struck childhood. At his preparatory school, pocket money was diverted from the usual channels of confectionery into pit seats; he read every play on which he could lay his hands and wrote others himself. An (*Continued on page* 61)

Your Children's Holiday

AS the date for the beginning of holidays grows nearer a mother raises her eyebrows and wonders, why do they have so many holidays? It has been said again and again in these last difficult years. But when you stop to think of all the things to-day's children have to do without, it makes you determine that they must at least have their holiday fun, even if it has to be contrived at home.

So, use your imagination and ingenuity. Help them, by suggestions and props, to play games a little more exciting than their normal everyday games.

Make an old rug into a tent at the bottom of the garden and let them build a camp fire and play games around it that are harmless but thrilling.

An old suitcase filled with really derelict clothes that they can dress up in may provide plenty of enjoyment.

A box full of odd, clean tins and bottles that will be the makings of a very fine shop, plus a couple of handbags and some buttons or pennies may be their idea of a great game.

A corner of the garden that is their very own to bury old drain-pipes, pots and pans in; to plant seeds in, and make anything from rock gardens to railway tracks—that may be your children's idea of paradise.

Let them choose their own outings. If they want to go to the nearby Lido, if they want to go all day and take lunch, providing it will not be bad for their health, and the weather is suitable, sacrifice a day and take them. Do it with verve and enthusiasm, not as though they are tearing you away from innumerable duties.

Perhaps there is a common, a park, a wood, or a river near you. Take your children and their best friends for a picnic. Have a couple of match-boxes filled with pennies for a treasure hunt, or give a prize for the prettiest bunch of flowers, the queerest stone, the rarest leaf.

At the very beginning of their holidays, the promise that they can plan one day in each week as their very own is an excellent scheme. This gives them something to ponder over for days and days, something to anticipate all the time and to think about.

Do your utmost to fulfil any promise of outings that are made, and avoid: "Oh, we'll go next week," with a next week that never eventuates. Let them realize that you have to do extra work when they are home and that therefore they should assist you. Make a routine of a few of the jobs that they can help with and let them get on with them rather than perpetually interrupt their games with: "Oh, would you do this or that?"

When you take them out with you, concentrate on teaching them road sense—a thing so many children lack these days.

But don't try to organize exciting times if all your children crave is home and the relaxation of pottering around with beloved familiar things.

There is the old, old story of the father who thought he made a very good horse when on all fours. Reminiscing when his son was older, he was told: "Yes, it used to make me feel a bit queer, but you did seem to be enjoying it so, dad."

The same can apply to holidays.

L. K.

Nothing is more restful, yet zestful, than to lie back at ease, in the celestially serene atmosphere of a beauty parlour, while a knowledgeable operator, with angel fingers, soothes, strokes and manipulates the correct muscles and nerve areas, bringing out the glow in your skin, erasing the wrinkles at your neck, whittling down the unwanted flesh from your hips, bestowing upon you a delicious sense of comfort and well-being.
Suppose you feel tired, nervy, out of tune, go to your nearest good salon and let them fuss over you. A salon treatment not only relaxes, and tones, it is a holiday in itself.

A Holiday In Itself

Face Special masque treatments to bleach, tone, refine and refresh the skin are given at the Elizabeth Arden salon in Old Bond Street, price twenty-five shillings. For a tired or a maturing face these are excellent: the Firmo-Lift treatment (thirty shillings), muscle-strapping (seventeen and six), electric facial exercises (fifteen shillings).

At Jane Seymour, Grosvenor Street, they help to remove the years with a special facial treatment which includes a rejuvenating masque, one guinea.

Cyclax, in South Molton Street, W.1, give their well-known facial treatment of skinfood chosen to your individual requirements, and scientifically massaged in. The treatment lasts for an hour and the price is one guinea. That is for normal skins, requiring a little coaxing to beauty. Faulty skins benefit from the special masque and toning treatment, price twenty-five shillings. A wartime treatment, brisk massage, masque, and make-up, lasts half an hour and costs half a guinea.

Dorothy Gray's salon at 3 Hanover Square gives an excellent skin-refining, pore-closing and blackhead treatment that takes time and costs thirty shillings. They also give a less expensive pep-up half-an-hour treatment. Red veins can be removed at this salon by specialized electrical treatment.

The Pomeroy Salon in Bond Street will dye your lashes and brows for you for twelve and six, adding length to lashes and beauty to eyes. They also give excellent facials, from twelve and six.

At Helena Rubinstein's salon at Hay's Mews, Berkeley Square, deft operators give facials ranging from a twelve and sixpenny clean, massage and make-up, to a special masque treatment taking one and a half hours and costing two guineas.

At Adelaide Grey's salon, 27 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, you can have a really inexpensive face massage (three and sixpence); or, face and neck, six and sixpence. If you are troubled with heavy down on your face they remove this by wax treatments at this salon; upper lip, three and sixpence, upper lip and chin, five and sixpence, and whole of face, seven and sixpence.

Neck The Arden salon caters for the dingy, the ageing and the lined neck either with a neck treatment (seventeen and six) or an anti-brown bleach on neck and arms (twenty-five shillings). They will also remove excess hair from back of neck, price twelve and six.

Hands Problem fingernails should be taken to the Hand and Nail Culture Institute, 35 Old Bond Street, for a wonderful treatment that costs ten and six.

Cyclax give a hand routine of bleaching, hot oil, massage and general care, twelve and six.

Body If your deportment is at fault, go to the Daysh Figure Beauty Salon, 11 Mount Street, W.1, for a deportment lesson and treatment; massage and exercise treatments are given here and any unwanted bumps are charmed away by massage, exercise, an intelligent approach and your own perseverance.

Massage for the body is also given at Cyclax's London salon. Remedial exercises are taught at the Arden Figure Beauty Salon and specialized body massage is given at the Gertrude Hartley Salon, 72 Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

Feet Bunions, corns and similar disfigurements are well looked after at the Scholl foot-treatment shops

FEET IN THE CLOUDS

A FOOT should stay a natural shape as it was born. Be sure that children's shoes and stockings or socks are sufficiently large for the little toes to lie straight; make sure that stockings are not too big and therefore creased into uncomfortable ridges and bumps. As children grow up, keep their shoes as coverings to the natural shape of their feet.

Feet perspire and should be washed frequently, with a friction of pumice or a substitute to remove any little hard skin that has formed. Corns should be kept in check, and incipient ones, if regularly massaged with castor oil for a period of two months, should disappear.

A tiny pad of lamb's wool must keep the pressure off the corn while it is being treated.

If you have a difficult corn it is wise to go to a chiropodist and have it treated professionally.

Flattened arches should be supported, not endured, and if you cannot get your special shoes with the proper arch support, get a pair of supports that can go in your shoes. Have these properly fitted by a foot specialist.

Feet that perspire excessively can sometimes be remedied by the correction of the sagging arch. For all arch troubles, you can get great relief and benefit from a regular daily massage. Taking the toes of one foot in both hands, with the two thumbs on top and the eight fingers beneath the toes, draw the hands firmly up from toes to ankles, pressing upwards as you pass the delinquent arch. Do this several times to each foot.

Excessive perspiration that is not remedied by supporting the arches may be helped by bathing the feet with a potassium permanganate solution. Change socks or stockings twice daily if possible. If you have any toilet eau-de-Cologne, add 2 per cent of salicylic acid and bathe your feet with that. It will help greatly.

Bunions seem to develop from nowhere; and stay. You must treat them with massage and with a support between the toes. Catch the bunion in its infancy. If you do this, you can remedy it and have no more trouble by massaging castor oil into it regularly every night.

Massage with the firm palm of your hand and move it circularly as though you would massage the little lump away. Then take the action up with your thumb, and thumb away at that joint, getting the circulation working overtime around it. Rotate your big toe.

You would be sensible to continue the treatment along your five toe joints, and on both feet. Oil your toe nails regularly to prevent them becoming too horny.

If you want to avoid unnecessary lines to your face, perhaps unnecessary aches and pains in your body, if you want to step out freely and firmly into your old age, do a two-minute foot exercise routine each day. These exercises, which we shall send you if you require them, are simple, and they will help nearly all foot complaints by keeping joints supple, circulation good, and feet healthy. Try them for two months and your feet will walk in the clouds.

If you want help with your beauty troubles, or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

AND BEAUTY By Chrysis

and salons dotted throughout London. Cyclax give a foot and ankle massage treatment that leaves you walking on air, price half a guinea.

Blemishes The Gertrude Hartley salon works miracles in the immediate removal of blemishes like warts, moles, and unnecessary hairs. Prices, from one guinea.

In all cases where a course of treatments is taken there is a slight reduction for the half-dozen.

Out of Town In many large provincial towns you can get the Arden and Cyclax treatments. Jenners of Edinburgh, and Marshall and Snelgrove of Birmingham, have representatives of both salons, giving the treatments outlined above.

Browns' of Chester, Marshall and Snelgrove of Leeds, Bon Marché of Liverpool, Kendal, Milne and Co. of Manchester, and Elliston and Cavell of Magdalen Street, Oxford, have trained assistants who give most of the Arden treatments.

Daly's of Glasgow, Draffin and Jarvie of Dundee, James McEwen and Co. of Perth, Adderley's of Leicester, Kendal, Milne of Manchester, all have assistants trained to give the Cyclax treatments.

TAN PLAN

DON'T try to tan if you have a skin that freckles; if you have a skin that goes crimson and then white again; or if you have a skin that is over forty and inclined to line. The first will only mean that you have to bleach the freckles off and thus rob the skin of its natural oils, the second means that your skin is not the sort of skin that should be tanned, the third means that the natural oils are extremely necessary to keep your skin youthful and that any tanning and subsequent bleaching will impoverish the skin and add to your unwanted harvest of lines.

In all these cases wear a hat and try to protect your skin with a foundation lotion that has a calamine base, and if you do get tanned accidentally, pile on the skin food at night to counteract the action of the sun. There is an excellent foundation lotion, obtainable in London. It is in a suntan shade (with other shades if you prefer) and not only will make you look as summerish as an Arab but is also sun and wind proof.

Wear sun-glasses most of the time you are tanning, and for that period when the glasses must be left off in order to prevent that owlish untanned circle around the eyes, lie with your eyes shut in the sun, and mascara on the lashes to stop them bleaching.

A dry skin that is going to tan must have a coating of some sweet oil, or a nourishing skin food to prevent excessive drying of the skin, so beg, borrow or steal a little oil if you can and massage it into your skin before going out for your tanning. Then at night pile on the skin food. If you cannot get any oils you will have to rely on the skin food at night to counteract the drying up you have effected during the day.

If you have a normal or greasy skin it is better to tan with the face nude, if you can.

But once you are tanned, the make-up you do wear must be more vivid than before. Use a gay lipstick. Lashes also become nondescript against that tan and can do with a black mascara that is, luckily, still obtainable in London. It is not inexpensive, but it is water-proof and very effective.

THE CHILDREN WILL ENJOY THESE

CHOCOLATE FANCIES

Mix 2 dried eggs (not reconstituted) with 2 tablespoonfuls of coffee essence and drop the mixture into boiling water. Leave for 5 minutes, pass it twice through the mincer, and add ¾ tablespoonful of dried egg, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk, 2 of sugar, 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, and 4 oz. of sweetened chocolate powder. Stir well, adding 1 teaspoonful of almond essence and 6 drops of rum essence. Roll heaped dessertspoonfuls of the mixture in cocoa powder.

These " potatoes " are made extra special if served with the cream off the top of the milk whipped stiffly.

SARDINES IN BATTER

Sieve ½ lb. of flour and mix it with a pinch of salt and 1 tablespoonful of baking powder. Make a hole in the middle and pour in 1 reconstituted egg and ½ pint of water. Stir with a wooden spoon until free of all lumps. Dip each sardine at a time into the batter and fry in very hot fat.

Serve with fried tomatoes and mashed potatoes.

PICKLED PORK

Boil for 30 minutes, 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped herbs and a clove of garlic (remove this after 10 minutes) in ¾ pint of water mixed with the same quantity of vinegar. Remove from the fire and when cold pour over the piece of pork; leave it for 24 hours, turning the meat three or four times.

When ready, place the pork in the oven, without any fat and with a low fire, and after 30 minutes pour over the vinegar mixture, including the vegetables, and leave for a further 1½ hours, basting frequently. If necessary add a little meat stock (meat cubes dissolved in water). Before serving, stir 1 cupful of white sauce into the gravy.

COCOA CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE ICING

Reconstitute 4 dried eggs in milk instead of water and whisk for 5 minutes with 4 oz. of sugar. Mix 2 oz. of sieved flour with 2 oz. of cocoa and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add to the eggs, grease and sprinkle with flour a cake tin, pour in the mixture, and leave it in a medium oven for 1 hour. When quite cold cover with:—

CHOCOLATE ICING

Melt, over a low fire, 3 oz. of sweetened chocolate powder in ½ gill of water and 1 dessertspoonful of margarine. Cream well until it comes to the boil and allow it to cool a little before spreading evenly over the cake.

COTTAGE CREAM CHEESE

If you ever have any surplus milk put it in a jar and stand in a very warm place. After about 36 hours, you will notice that the whey has risen to the top, leaving the curds at the bottom. Spread a large kitchen cloth over a bowl, pour the curdled milk into the cloth, tie up the ends, and hang it over the bowl until all the liquid has drained away and the cheese is thick enough to be spread on bread. You may either serve it as it is, or mash it with chopped chives and a quarter of its quantity of creamed margarine, or alternatively with salt and paprika.

Chocolate Fancies

Co-Belligerent Flag

COLD SUPPERS

By Harriet Muir

GREEN CONSOMMÉ

Wash well 1 lb. of spinach and 1 large lettuce and let them simmer in 3 pints of vegetable stock with ½ cupful of onion rings for ½ hour. After the first 15 minutes add 1 teaspoonful of chopped tarragon, 1 of parsley, and 1 mint leaf. Strain, and serve really cold.

IMPERIAL CREAM

Bring to the boil 1 pint of vegetable stock with 1 of milk; add 2 lb. of peeled and shredded beetroot and ¼ cupful of chopped herbs. Let simmer for ½ hour. Strain, salt to taste, and again serve very cold.

TOMATO SPECIAL

Pass through the sieve enough very ripe tomatoes to make one custard glass of purée per person. Season with salt and pepper to taste, leave in the coolest place available, and, just before serving, beat in 1 teaspoonful of Worcester sauce and 1 of ketchup (per glass).

MARINE PATÉ

Make a pastry with ¼ lb. of flour, 2 oz. of lard, 1 dried egg, a pinch of salt and enough water to soften the dough. Line a cake tin with the pastry and fill with layers of creamed fish (any white variety will do and about 1 lb.), margarine shavings and pieces of tinned salmon. Cover with pastry, making a small hole in the centre to allow for escaping steam, and bake in a medium oven until the pastry is golden brown.

This dish is as good hot as cold.

BEEF LOAF MOUSSE

Pass the contents of a 12 oz. tin of beef loaf through the mincer and mix it with 2 oz. of creamed margarine and 1 cupful of white sauce. Fill individual moulds with the mousse, and cover each portion with a little white sauce or with a thin layer of wartime

Soups	Main Dishes	Salads
GREEN CONSOMMÉ	*MARINE PATÉ*	*OHIO FANCY*
IMPERIAL CREAM	*BEEF LOAF MOUSSE*	*MORNING GLORY*
TOMATO SPECIAL	*GLAZED FOWL*	*CO-BELLIGERENT FLAG*

aspic (½ cupful of strong Oxo and ¼ oz. of gelatine). See that it sets well before serving.

For those who keep hens and have eggs to spare for a special occasion : boil the eggs for 4 minutes, remove into cold water, leave for five minutes, and then peel. Sit the eggs on the mousse to serve.

MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO SAUCE

For the balls : mince any remaining meat and mix with chopped herbs, pepper and salt, according to taste. Add 1 reconstituted egg for each ½ lb. of meat. Form into balls the size of a nut and fry until brown. Let cool.

For the sauce : melt 1 oz. of margarine in a saucepan and mix in one dessertspoonful of flour. Add one cupful of Oxo and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Add one pound of broken-up tomatoes and let simmer for 10 minutes. Pass the sauce through a sieve, add salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of vinegar, and pour over the meat balls. Serve cold, or hot, as desired.

MORNING GLORY

Mince the contents of a small sardine tin after having removed the bones. Mix with a teaspoonful of grated horseradish 1 chopped, raw onion, ½ cupful of cold, boiled cod broken into small pieces, and 1 tablespoonful of chopped cucumber. Moisten with salad cream.

Scoop out the requisite number of large, ripe tomatoes, fill with the mixture, and arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and slices of cucumber. Season the whole with 1 dried egg reconstituted with 1 tablespoonful of tomato juice and vinegar and pepper to taste.

CO-BELLIGERENT FLAG

Boil 3 lb. of potatoes in their skins, and when soft strain, peel, and cut into slices. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped tarragon and mustard sauce (see below). Turn out the salad on to a flat dish, and arrange vertical stripes of sliced cucumbers, raw cauliflower flowerets and sliced tomatoes, in that order.

For the mustard sauce, mix to a smooth paste 1 dessertspoonful of mustard, 1 of flour, and ½ cupful of milk. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Remove when thick. Add 1 teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and 2 dessertspoonfuls of vinegar. Mix cold with the potato.

OHIO FANCY

Into a mixing bowl put 1 cupful of cooked cauliflower flowerets, 1 of runner beans, 1 of boiled, small onions, and 2 of diced, cooked potatoes. Pass through the mincer 2 salted herrings and mix them with 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 of chopped tarragon, 1 cupful of salad cream and a crushed clove of garlic (optional). Add to the vegetables, mixing well, arrange on a flat dish and cover with slices of tomatoes and cucumbers.

Fruit Sweets

PLUM KNÖDELS

Make a pastry with ½ lb. of mashed potatoes, 2 oz. of flour, 2 level tablespoonfuls of semolina, 1 oz. of margarine, 1 reconstituted dried egg, a pinch of salt, and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Roll in the form of a thick sausage, cut off pieces about ¼ in. thick, flatten them with the fingers, and roll one ripe plum in each, pinching the edge well in. When all are ready, drop them in boiling water and remove immediately as soon as they rise to the surface. Butter a fireproof dish, sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs, put in the knödels, cover with breadcrumbs, pour over plenty of melted margarine (about 3 oz. for 12 plums) and leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes. Serve sprinkled with sugar.

APPLE TRIFLE

Peel and cut into thin slices 1 lb. of apples. Line a well-buttered fireproof dish with the fruit, spread over it 2 tablespoonfuls of jam, cover thinly with breadcrumbs previously mixed with a few drops of almond essence, sprinkle with sugar, cover with margarine shavings, and leave in a low oven for 20 minutes. Let cool for 10 minutes before serving.

NEWBURG TART

Crush well 3 pieces of shredded wheat and spread them on a well-greased tart tin; cover with plums, halved and stoned, or with apple rings, pour over 1 cupful of hot golden syrup (or a syrup made of 1 cupful of water and 3 oz. of sugar), sprinkle with sugar, and leave in a low oven for 30 minutes.

Out of the Hedgerows

STARTING in early summer, nature opens a useful storehouse in the fields and lanes of things which, if one knows the secret of their preparation, are valuable aids to health, beauty and good eating.

Young nettles, for instance, have a fine food and tonic value. Choose the young heads, wash and cook them as you would spinach, to serve as a second vegetable. Taken for medicinal purposes only, the nettles should be prepared in the form of a syrup.

To make this, boil half a pound of young tops in a pint of water for one hour. Strain off the liquid and add half a pound of sugar, if you can spare it, to each pint of liquid. Boil up again and gently simmer for half an hour. Cool and bottle. A wineglass of the syrup taken night and morning has a tonic value and is excellent as a blood purifier.

Elder flowers which can be gathered in most parts of the country, make a good softening and whitening hand cream. Melt a quarter of a pound of vaseline in a saucepan, and add as many elder flowers as can be pressed into it. Simmer the mixture on a very low gas for three-quarters of an hour, then strain immediately and pour into a screw-top jar. Insect bites and heat bumps are pleasantly soothed by this cream.

The fruit of the elder tree can be used to make pies. Treat as for black or red currants.

The flavour is richer than that of currants, but very good.

Dried bullace plums make a substitute for sultanas. This wild fruit, which grows very freely in some country districts, should be laid out on trays and put into a cool oven with the door slightly ajar. Leave the fruit for an hour or two each day until all the moisture has evaporated. To save gas, the trays can be placed into the oven after cooking is finished and when the oven is still warm. Repeat the operation every day until the drying process is complete. Another way is to sling the fruit in a piece of muslin or an old lace curtain over the top of the kitchen range. Leave like this for a few days before storing.

Bilberries, which appear in August, make good jam. Prepare them as for other soft fruit, but add a little lemon substitute to give piquancy to the flavour.

Button mushrooms can be picked for winter pickle. Choose the smallest ones, wash and skin them and put them into a glass or stone jar of vinegar to which a few peppercorns have been added. Place in the oven and bring them to the boil. Simmer gently for an hour. Remove and tie down immediately.

Hazel nuts are plentiful in the hedgerows in late summer. Picked ripe they can be stored in airtight tins for eating at Christmas.

Rose hips contain ten to fifteen times as much vitamin C as orange juice. They make a very good sauce to serve with pudding. Prepare the hips as a syrup for this purpose by grating the freshly picked hips and putting them into boiling water. Allow three pints of water to two pounds of hips. Cover and bring to the boil, then stand aside for ten minutes. Strain through a muslin bag and return the pulp to the saucepan with a further one and a half pints of boiling water. Boil up again for ten minutes and strain. Mix the two extracts and boil again until the liquid measures one and a half pints. Add one and a quarter pounds of sugar, stir until dissolved and boil five minutes more. Fill bottles to within two inches of the top and cork or cover with screw caps. Stand the bottles in water, bring to the boil and sterilize for twenty minutes. Remove and cool.

SCENE: *The dining-room at Aunt Helen's.*

TIME: *Summer in peace time. Sunday morning.*

WAITING . . . . how much of our lives is spent in waiting; waiting perhaps for the news which the postman will bring tomorrow; waiting each winter for the miracle of spring-time; waiting with hope for a friend who is late; waiting to welcome a loved one's return.

And, like the people who live in them, there are rooms which sometimes seem to be waiting — waiting with a welcome look for the someone who is coming. You can see that look of friendly expectation in the dining-room on any Sunday at Aunt Helen's, especially when the dinner-table's laid. She takes such a pride in her few but precious pieces of silver. And by the snowy whiteness of her table-cloth — how beautifully white and inviting it looks! — any house-proud wife could tell at a glance that it must have had a rinse in Reckitt's Blue.

See how the old warming-pan in the hall beams benignly on the cheerful picture he reflects. He has a sunny smile for everyone, even on the dullest day, when he's had a touch of Brasso. Yes, bright places do make bright faces, and help so much to make the home "a dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

The Master Touch . . .

Here is the Royalty of Toilet Soaps, whose crowning excellence is daily winning the highest favours. Created from superb materials by the touch of genius, Imperial Leather has given new meaning to the expression "a really fine soap."

Imperial Leather is, of course, at present in short supply, but great is the reward for finding it.

IMPERIAL LEATHER

TOILET SOAPS CREATED FOR THE DISCRIMINATING BY Cussons OF MANCHESTER

Don't get bitten

MOSQUITOES, flies, wasps, bees, hornets, harvest bugs—all the summer pests that we forget in the long winter evenings—are with us again. In the city the pests are less common, but when the city-dweller goes to help with the harvest for her holiday, or to spend a few days in the country, the whole host seem to conspire to make up for her previous immunity, and she returns home, sunburnt legs mottled with agonizing bites. They can be avoided to a great extent, and they can be treated so that the burning irritation is soon dispelled. Keep this list beside you for your holiday.

Harvest bugs can give you excruciating agony, about three hours after they get a hold on you. They lie in wait in fields and stubble for you to come wandering past. They generally attach themselves to your feet, ankles and legs.

Before going on your cross-country hike, rub your ankles, legs and feet with a sulphur ointment, or dust stockings and slacks with powdered flowers of sulphur. When you get home, if you suspect any attackers, wash your legs and feet in hot water and salt to detach them. Then use an ointment that a chemist will make up for you. It should contain two per cent carbolic acid and two per cent menthol. This soothes.

Bees are busy creatures, mostly too busy to bother with stinging you, but occasionally they go slightly mad and attack one person in a big way, a sort of dive-stinging attack that calls for nothing from you but a hasty retreat.

If, however, a bee merely gets entangled in your hair, disentangle it as quickly and gently as possible. Bees in a hive will frequently go for a nervy, highly-strung person for no reason at all, and overlook the phlegmatic, placid type.

Don't try to pull out a bee sting because the poison is in the sting and any grip on the top half of the sting presses more poison out of the bottom. Just work it out with a sterilized needle, as though you were trying to get out a minute fish-hook. Then dab on ammonia, or, failing this, a paste made from bicarbonate of soda and warm water.

Wasp stings can be deadly, but it is only in rare cases that they are anything more than unpleasant. Look twice at the wind-fallen apple before you bite it, and, having bitten, keep an eye on the inside, as wasps often eat their way into the centres of apples and plums. Also keep an eye on any sweet drinks which may have rested on the garden table for a moment. It is said that an onion eaten quickly will help in the case of an inside throat sting, but it would be wise to call the doctor, in the meanwhile.

External stings can be helped with an application of vinegar, lemon juice or peroxide. Hot fomentations are only necessary in the case of bad stings.

Mosquitoes, midges and gnats can be driven off by smearing the skin with anti-insect lotions containing citronella and spirit of camphor; if you are sitting still, get an anti-insect powder to burn. Even cigarette smoke will deter them. Spraying the room with an anti-insect lotion will help to keep mosquitoes out of a bedroom; spraying the window curtains will help. Once bitten, you will have to resort to the ointment mentioned for the alleviation of harvest bug, or a mixture of menthol (ten per cent) in spirit.

Always watch a bite to make sure that it does not go septic; if it does, a hot fomentation will be necessary, or repeated dabbing with a hot boracic acid powder solution.

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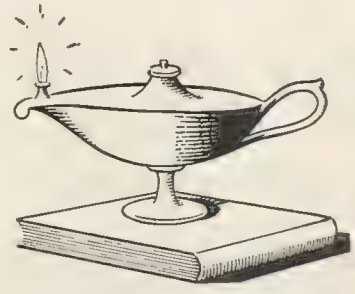

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Use Your Brains

(*Continued from page 12*)

a sitting one, but a lame one, and there was another wallowing a little farther out. They were much too small a target to waste more shells on, but an important target for prisoners and information, important enough, he reckoned, to be picked up by a flotilla of E-boats. He checked his other boat. There it was lying half a mile farther out in a direct line, as instructed, with himself and the harbour mouth.

For more tense moments he waited. His other boats were disappearing into the distance, deserting the cripples to save their own skins, so it seemed.

Then an exclamation jumped from his lips. He had been right. From the harbour mouth there came a thin line of white which rapidly split into great leaping crests of spray from a flotilla of E-boats coming out to finish him off or tow him in. It was a safe bet for them, as he had meant it to be, but it was a ticklish one for himself, for his own fate and that of two of his crew hung on his guesswork. Even with his reserve of speed he could not hope to pick up enough to get away because he had to keep the illusion of being crippled to the very last moment. If things went wrong, he and his other boat had no alternative but to go in and slug it out to the end and there was no doubt whose end it would be. It took iron nerve to wait there while the E-boats came rushing, growing larger and faster it seemed with each moment until the bows were slicing the sea into rows of rolling waves behind the boats.

Ten seconds, nine, eight, seven, six, Johnny's heart seemed to poise in his throat and then he let out a great yell.

The E-boats racing at full speed on the two helpless boats, their speed lifting their bows half out of the water, converged on Johnny's boat to surround it or sink it, but then they were over the unseen lines of floating wire. Their hulls slipped over the wire, the swift tension sprung the wire into their churning propellers and, as if by prearranged signal, the whole flotilla stopped short, flinging crews about with the sudden jerk. Then the boats were wallowing as Johnny had been a moment before. Quickly his engine roared into speed, joined his second boat which suddenly appeared to be also quite whole and unhurt. Then, safely out of range of the outnumbering guns, Johnny cruised while his eyes peeled the skies for the next move. Then he saw the V formations of fighter planes coming out to annihilate the sitting ducks presented to them by Lieutenant Johnny Pendleton. His job was done and he and his companion boat headed for home and safety from stray bullets that were going to be flying around.

IT was all over by the time Johnny Pendleton and his escort roared into the little harbour with an elaborate flourish of speed, reversing engines to slide to a dead stop in his pen without even scratching his paintwork.

He had seen the commander and no less a personage than Old Popeye himself watching his excusable piece of showing off. They were both waiting for him as he climbed up to the quayside.

"All right, Pendleton?" asked the commander.

"Not a scratch, sir."

"Good work, my boy," grunted Old Popeye.

"Did we get 'em, sir?"

"Sitting ducks," said the admiral. "Use your brains. That's the only way to get 'em these days."

"By the way, Pendleton," said the commander. "If you'd like to finish your leave. . . ."

IT was a very pleased naval lieutenant who arrived at the Lumsden house to apologize to his hosts of the week before for his sudden desertion of their hospitality. But he was in good spirits and burbled something about splitting a decoration with their daughter. She, Dorothy, was out at the time of his arrival, since in his eagerness to get there, he had completely omitted to send advance notice.

Her feelings on seeing him were mingled, relief that he was apparently unhurt and all of one piece, sudden realization that she loved him in spite of his queer behaviour and, finally, a warning somewhere inside her that since he was obviously in love with her that he should be punished in some way.

But she didn't have a chance. He attacked with an assurance born of his late victory at sea.

"Darling," he cried. "We did it."

"Did what?"

"Used our brains and dug 'em out."

"But John?" She dislodged his arms and pushed him away, gazing meanwhile into his eyes, which were firing with all batteries.

"Don't you remember? Old Popeye said: 'Use your brains'; you said: 'Use your brains'; and I did. In fact if it hadn't been for you inviting those darned Air Force people to mess up my leave, we shouldn't have been decorated."

She pushed him away again; not very hard this time.

"John! You're not bringing that motor torpedo boat on leave with you again?"

He smiled broadly. "No, darling. Only the decorations. The King is going to give me mine, but I've brought yours with me."

He reached into a pocket and took out a little box and opened it. Dorothy looked at the engagement ring.

"But, John, we haven't discussed——"

"We're not going to. One can't afford to let the enemy sit back and think—you've got to go in and get 'em." He smiled broadly. "'Use your brains,' said Old Popeye."

Dorothy laid a gently restraining hand on his and her eyes grew suddenly soft as they looked up into his. "John, darling, don't use your brains, not while—not while we're in . . ."

"Love?"

She nodded and this time she didn't resist his arms.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

of the horrible creature to whom he had given her.

Standing in the centre of a semicircle of relatives and guests, he kept his eyes fixed grimly on the gateway. Through this there now came a tall, extremely handsome and elegant young man, with a smile which revealed perfect white teeth. He approached and bowed, making his salutation and greeting in phrases which showed that he had reached the highest standard of social culture. The nobleman could not believe either his eyes or his ears. His stuttering incoherent reply made onlookers think that the strain of the past few days had perhaps been too much for him, unless of course this was the effect of emotion, natural at such a moment.

So the soothsayer had deceived him, not the emissaries. And now his precious daughter had lost a unique opportunity. He himself was to blame, through his blind faith in the diviner. He himself had brought about this disaster.

When he was alone he sank to the floor with his head in his hands. He had to change now for the banquet and the handing over of the bride. What was he to do? Was he to allow himself to be beaten by his own folly? During the banquet his brain was working at high speed, fabricating a plan. His son-in-law had only seen the bride for a few seconds, and then so muffled up with finery, her face bedecked with pendants and jewels, that he would surely be unable to remember her clearly. Taking advantage of a pause in the feast, the nobleman rushed out again to the women's quarter, where the bride was preparing herself for the culminating part of the ceremony. Again without offering any word of explanation he commanded them to reverse the order of things once more, to robe his daughter as the (*Continued on page 54*)

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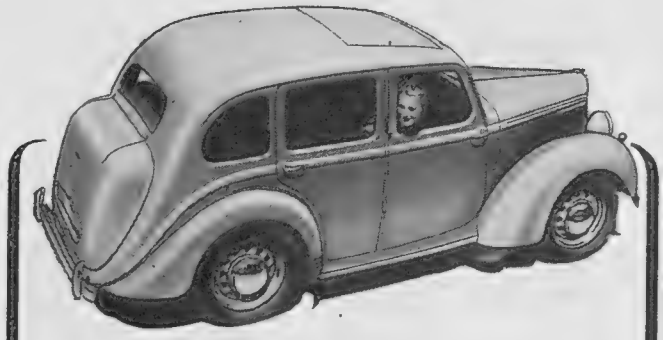

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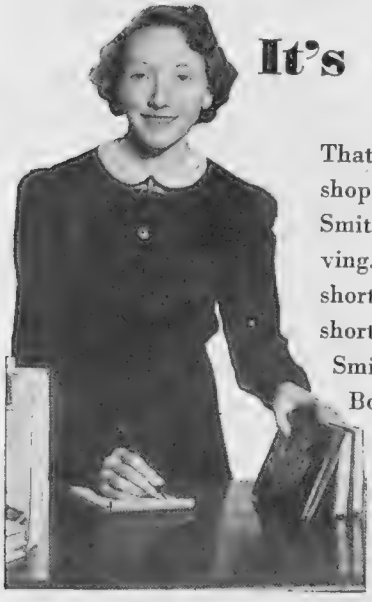

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hands in a stocking,
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"Ah—

Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible wartime stockings—*Aristoc Utility*—and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile.* Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

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bride and get her ready to join her husband.

The two girls looked at each other, speechless. They were convinced that the old man had taken leave of his senses; but all the same his word was law and he must be obeyed.

At the appointed moment later on the proud father walked towards the expectant bridegroom leading his pretty daughter by the hand. The trick worked. The young man gave no sign that anything was amiss. He behaved charmingly towards his wife, as well as to every one else. The feast ended with the couple retiring for the night, to the sound of the heartfelt good wishes and blessings of the assembled company.

During the days that followed, the father found his new son-in-law so agreeable and became on such friendly terms with him that he could not resist the temptation to tell him the secret and reveal how his own cleverness had enabled him to defeat the dreadful blunder of the soothsayer.

But it seemed that he had found his match in his son-in-law. After a few moments' silence the young man said: "I admire the clever trick you played, and I will set your mind at rest in so far as the law is concerned, which you tried to cheat. The woman to whom I made the sacred bow, that is to say, *your niece*, is my lawful wife, entitled to all the privileges of inheritance. But your daughter has already been mine before Siang-tiei and my ancestors, and therefore she must be my lawful concubine. Both girls are beautiful and I will love them both—partly because they are both unlucky, one in having no father to defend her rights, and the other in having one who defended her too much."

It was checkmate, as neat as it was inexorable, and the nobleman could not do other than accept it, though he blamed himself for his folly all his life.

Soon a crowd of noisy and festive people assembled in front of his house to cheer the departure of a handsome and extremely clever young man, who took with him two radiant and pretty girls, both proud to belong to him and happy to know that they would be together now for always.

But the historian does not tell us what retribution befell the unlucky soothsayer!

END

Beneath the Streets of London

(*Continued from page 20*)

always enjoy their "underground trip."

To Mr. George Marshal, who commands the tug *Tring*, which hauls heavy barges through the tunnel, the job must surely have lost what glamour it may at first have possessed. Aboard his thirty-six-ton craft, which is powered with an eighty-four horse-power engine, it takes him forty minutes to make the return trip. He makes this journey about five times a day, during which an average of twenty barges are hauled through the blackness.

There are four hundred miles of main sewers beneath the Metropolis, and they all have to be kept clean and in a high state of repair. Many of these were once important rivers; the River Fleet is perhaps the best-known of them.

Although it does not run directly beneath the street which bears its illustrious name, the Fleet flows near the Ludgate Circus end of the "Street of Ink." To-day it is a valuable part of London's main sewerage system, safely locked away in a brick tunnel that gives one the impression of being strong enough to hold any of the raging torrents to be seen sweeping down from a hill in the Lake District.

Normally the water in the Fleet, which is joined by many branches like the main road above, is eighteen inches deep, but when a storm breaks over the northern heights—at Hampstead and Highgate—it becomes a swiftly-moving stream, and the gangs working below have to withdraw from the Norman-arched tunnel through which it flows.

Traffic thundering across Ludgate Circus is only six feet eight inches above the crown of the Fleet tunnel. Here the flood waters, joined by other streams, gather speed as they tumble downhill towards the Thames, and a 9-yard chain has been placed across the waterway to prevent mishaps among the men who keep so clean this vital sector of the "London beneath the streets." Near the flood exit of the Fleet, where it joins forces with the Thames, and among the well-placed bricks that "box" it, several blocks of Portland stone are to be seen. These are the sole remains of the beautiful bridge—according to old prints—that once spanned the Fleet over what is now New Bridge Street.

Only flood waters of the Fleet, *not* the sewage, enter the River Thames.

When John or Jane Citizen has a bath, washes clothes, dirty dishes, and the hundred and one other things in which water is used, it is doubful whether they trouble to think about what happens to their waste once it streaks down the drain.

But the London County Council is "interested." That is why it employs large numbers of trained men to keep clean these underground channels, and is justly proud of the fact that London's sewers are the finest in Europe.

In one particular sector of this vast underground system men can only work at night—because of bath-water! So many people appear to bath by day in the area served by this sewer that the sewermen cannot perform their duties in such a torrent.

In the course of my travels I learnt to appreciate that "Underground London" is full of surprises, but was amazed, while standing on Sloane Square Underground Station, Chelsea, to see one of London's underground rivers flowing over the line. Actually I did not really "see" the Westbourne River, which is its name, for it is carried in a metal container into the earth again before it finally joins the Thames.

Do many of the Londoners waiting for an underground train to take them to the City or West London, know that an ancient river flows above their heads as they stand on the platform at Sloane Square?

Since the war, for understandable reasons, people are writing more letters, and to speed delivery of those passing through London the G.P.O. have in use, eighty feet below London, the only railway of its type in the world. Six and a half miles long, it links Liverpool Street with Paddington, a journey which normally takes eighteen minutes. In ordinary times forty trains, without either drivers or guards, but worked by automatic means, speed through tunnels nine feet in diameter hauling four mail-bag containers each with fourteen bags of letter mail or six bags of parcel mail. Measuring twenty-seven feet in length, these trains are one of the proudest possessions of the G.P.O. Known as "our railway" by postal workers, not only is it continuing to speed deliveries, but saving petrol and rubber that would normally be used by vans carrying the mail. It has been worked out that the railway, on an average, carries in the course of a year loads equal to 750,000 motor van miles.

The trains are started, and halted, by means of switching on and off the electric current. Between the various stations the trains run at an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour, but nearing each station the track is given an upward gradient of one in twenty and the conductor rail is de-energized. Thus the train's speed is slowly reduced until it halts at the top of the slope just outside the station. A few seconds' wait, then it enters the station at a steady eight miles an hour.

For fourteen and a half hours a day men go about their work of keeping the "mail on the move," and at night, to make sure that there are no faults in the tunnels, nine men, divided into gangs of three, examine every yard with great care.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

COOKING NOTES

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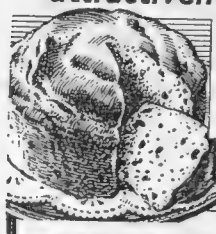

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8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. sugar; 4 ozs. fat; 1 teasp. mixed spice; 3 tablesps. dried egg; 4 ozs. raisins or sultanas; 2 ozs. chopped dates; 1 dessertsp. syrup; 1 teasp. almond ess.; 5 tablesps. milk for mixing; 2 teasps. Borwick's

Sift flour, Borwick's and spice together. Cream fat, egg and sugar together. Add syrup, fruit and flavouring. Work flour in gradually with the milk till mixture is soft, but not wet. Bake in hot oven for 1 hr., reducing heat to moderate after first 10 mins.

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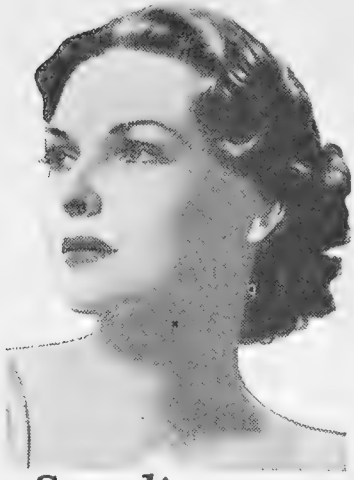

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NO BELTS · NO PINS · NO PADS
TAMPAX LTD.
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L'Affaire Française

(*Continued from page* 19)

enough and practise silence." She went on with her knitting and the café settled into its ordinary routine.

She sat up a little straighter, however, as a newcomer entered. A German. He was about thirty, a bit on the fleshy side with high colour and incipient jowls, but altogether not bad looking. He walked with a limp. Real or affected, one couldn't say. He took the table nearest the door, but he was not the one who had marked the cloth at luncheon.

From her high seat at the counter Mama Brisson's eyes flashed. Better to spike this sort of thing at the outset. The table was perhaps ten feet from her.

"Monsieur," she called sharply.

The German looked up, surprised at the tone. Every one else looked up too.

"Please do not mark on the tablecloth, monsieur. We do not allow that here."

The man's eyes flickered and his lips curled, but he said nothing. He buried his face in the menu.

A menu was quite unnecessary. There was no choice. Served to-night was a thickened soup of vegetable origin, a meagre portion of stewed rabbit, a small baked potato, a garden green—all from the Brisson farm. There was a tiny roll with seeds from wild plants baked in and on it, a forlorn touch, like the menu, at dressing the meal. And there was a small glass of dry wine. Nothing more.

Emilie was already bringing the stranger his dinner.

The German customer was finished. He hadn't once raised his eyes to Mama Brisson since the rebuke. He had eaten in silence, and now offered his ration card in silence. Mama Brisson smiled inwardly. Word would get around. They wouldn't try the same trick here again soon.

But she wasn't through with this man. She had another little insult up her sleeve.

When the café was opened twenty years ago she had installed a second-hand cash register. It had been relegated to the attic years ago because it sounded so much like a threshing machine. After that she'd used a simple cigar box kept on the shelf under the counter. But the old lady was sharp. Instantly she heard the V-for-Victory campaign, she rushed Denis up to the attic and had the ancient relic brought down. It now stood on the counter at her elbow.

As Mama Brisson picked up the German's check and fingered his francs, a subtle wave of expectation settled on the room. Then came an even-spaced *crash, crash, crash*—shockingly loud in that low-ceilinged room—as she set the amount for francs and centimes, and an especially loud *bong* as she rang up the amount and the money draw shot open.

This *crash, crash, crash, bong* accompanied the payment of every Nazi's bill, and there was nothing they could do about it. It was a legitimate and apparently inescapable sound. The present victim blinked, his lips curled the tighter, but he left still without a word.

It was after seven when M. Pasdeloup came.

Mama Brisson looked for some nervousness in him. The hints she'd caused to be circulated, that his true connection with the Nazis was known, had they taken effect? He knew what the sequel would be. But his manner told her nothing—unless it was a tell-tale sign that he didn't linger at the counter to console over her ear. It would have been his usual ingratiating manner.

M. Pasdeloup took his corner seat with a minimum of words, was served by Emilie with a minimum of words, and after his one meal here of the week Emilie pulled aside the supper table and pushed him the small square stand on which the chessboard was set. He transferred his glass of wine to the chess table, having saved it for then.

M. Jarnier arrived as due. He remarked with fervour on Mama Brisson's ear.

"Three drops of hot olive oil, *ma chère* Mathilde——"

"That one should use the precious olive oil!" she said bitterly. "No, Théodose, it is not the first time I have had the earache. It will go away by morning."

Her eyes followed him as from a distance as he went to the corner and took his place across from M. Pasdeloup. The greeting of the two was casual enough to the eye. It was casual enough to the mechanical earpiece under Mama Brisson's turban. She knitted away furiously, head bent over her work, hoping against hope that Denis and the others would be proved wrong.

There was now but one German at supper. A Herr Fischer who'd become a regular patron. Ledru was there, a middle-aged man with one arm, playing checkers with M. Jaffrenou. Mme le Roux still puttered with her meal. A couple of late comers were being served.

The chess game got under way. Mama Brisson had heard nothing yet over her hidden wire that could not have been said to the room at large. Emilie was clearing a table nearby. Her grandmother caught the girl's eye, and Emilie pushed reluctant feet towards the corner. As excuse, she carried M. Jarnier a glass of wine.

Then she stopped by M. Pasdeloup, put her lips close to his ear, and whispered. The microphone did not pick up her whisper, but Mama Brisson could see M. Pasdeloup's hand, reached out for a chessman, stiffen in mid-air. She thought she saw it tremble, but that could have been faulty vision. The distance was considerable. Emilie left and the game continued.

Not a word was spoken by either man for ten minutes. Then M. Pasdeloup inauspiciously drew his handkerchief and mopped his forehead, and Mama Brisson's heart sank. The men's faces presented profiles to the room. Neither looked up at the other, nor did their lips move. They seemed intent on the game. Yet low words came over the wire to Mama Brisson.

"They know about me, Théodose! Things have been happening to me these last several days, and now. . . . Either I must get away, Théodose, or they must all be arrested at last. You must do something!"

"Fool!" said M. Jarnier. "They know nothing. Suppose they suspect you? They will do nothing without proof. Have they proof?"

"No," uncertainly.

"Then sit tight. We play a dangerous game, Jules. I never thought it would lead to this, betraying one's own friends."

"But, Théodose, I tell you they *know.* Maybe they can't prove, but they know. And what will happen to me? I'm afraid!"

"Sit tight. Don't let them see you are afraid. Laws tighten daily, they will be afraid to act. And suppose you had all here arrested—because they favour Free France! Would you be safe then? You would be in more danger than ever. Mme Brisson is well loved in Langres. I would kill you myself! There is nothing to be done, but nothing."

"But, Théodose——"

"Silence!" hissed M. Jarnier. "You talk too much! I must think."

The game went on. Mama Brisson's head dropped lower, her needles clicked slower and slower and finally stopped. Five minutes passed.

"Théodose——"

"I have been thinking, Jules," spoke up M. Jarnier. "It may be as you say. So they suspect you. For you there is only to sit tight. But we must not see each other again soon. There must be an end to these meetings. I have others to contact, you are but one, and of no value under suspicion."

"It is years we have played these games, Théodose! We cannot stop now, suddenly."

"We can if we quarrel!"

And the quarrel was on before M. Pasdeloup knew what was happening. M. Jarnier jumped to his feet, upsetting the table.

"Cheat!" he yelled at M. Pasdeloup. "You moved my bishop! The game is mine!"

M. Pasdeloup was lost in amazement, but he recovered promptly and played up his end. "False (*Continued on page* 58)

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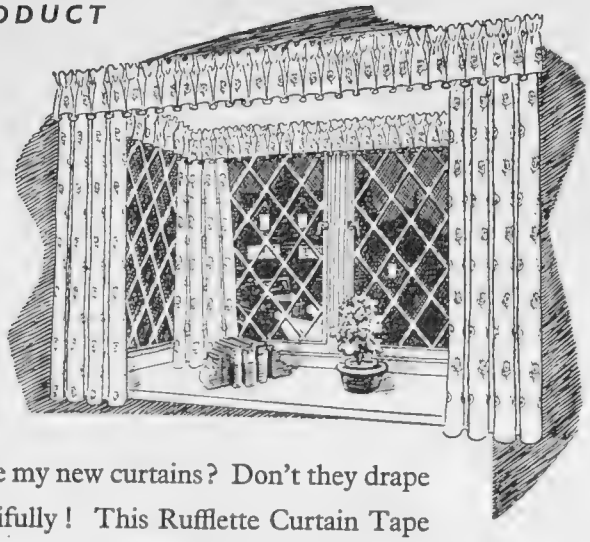

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The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

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There is always someone fiercely reminding those who fight –though not in words– "Do not relax!" That someone is the enemy. And that message is also for us in Britain. It is stern reality that says SALUTE THE FIGHTING FORCES with more and yet more saving!

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one!" he yelled in turn. "Liar! Imbecile!"

They gave a good show. Every eye in the place turned on them. Accusations multiplied, imprecations, threats. By the time they reached the hair-pulling stage—their own, not each other's—M. Pasdeloup stumped from the café wrathfully, his bad leg dragging. He even forgot to pay his check.

M. Jarnier made much of apologizing to Mama Brisson.

"Say no more, *mon ami*," she said coldly. "It was not your fault. It was that Jules Pasdeloup, that. . . ." She let her voice and eyes confirm what Pasdeloup had been telling Jarnier. It could do no harm now.

It was nearly closing time and the place now cleared rapidly. As Emilie shot the bolt on the front door, Mama Brisson put away her knitting, and wiped the tears from her eyes. There was a time for tears and a time not for tears.

"Denis?" she asked of her granddaughter.

"He left with M. Ledru right after M. Pasdeloup."

"It is well." She pulled the microphone connection loose and the long end slid through the crack. "Help me down, child. The rest is in God's hands."

THINGS did not fall into line as quickly as Mama Brisson had expected. She'd made brave talk of her faith in Théodose Jarnier, but down inside her she had days ago accepted the facts. For Théodose had always been a royalist at heart, with leanings towards fascism when that political philosophy reared its head.

The original plan had been to shadow Pasdeloup constantly, letting him know it, feel it, to plant little warnings in his path, the idea being that he would eventually crack and run to his immediate superior for help. They'd been doing this for days. To discover beyond doubt that superior.

That Jarnier was now definitely proved to be the one made no difference. The new problem was to get the two men together in such fashion no blame could fall later upon Mama Brisson's little group, and the same programme would do this. So they tightened the unseen net about the *dupeur* to hasten the process.

Sunday, M. Pasdeloup spent the entire day indoors, alone. He lived in a tall, narrow, squeezed-in house at the end of a blind street leading off the Rue Diderot. He'd intended taking a walk, but on starting from the house he found a V chalked on the front door—another one!—and he cleaned it off with shaking hands and went back inside to simmer in his thoughts.

On Monday he stiffened his nerve and started on his usual rounds—to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. On coming to Langres several years ago he'd established a definite circuit.

So M. Pasdeloup called first on Old Georges, the cobbler, and aired his apparent grievance—the thing to be expected.

"A cheat, I, Jules Eusèbe Thibaut Pasdeloup! Ah, never, never shall I speak to that pig again. He was the cheat! It was my move and my game, and he lies when he says I moved his bishop. Ah, that this should happen to me. . . ."

On his return home, however, he felt instantly he closed the door behind him that the house had been searched. Oh, nothing was out of place, and in any case there was not a thing there to incriminate him, but if "they" could get in and out at will . . .

M. Pasdeloup began to stew in earnest.

Wednesday. During his fitful sleep of the night before someone entered his very sleeping chamber and moved the smaller bedroom furniture round, tied knots in his clothing, and chalked a V on his mirror. This was enough for M. Pasdeloup. It was too much. *He had to get away!*

Movements of individuals were restricted in Occupied France, his own included, even though in Gestapo pay. M. Jarnier was the one to turn to, and Théodose, like it or not, must get him away from Langres.

He could hardly wait for darkness to fall. But when at last it did and he felt he could reasonably expect to meet no one abroad, he put on his baggy black greatcoat, stuffed the capacious pockets, and let himself out.

He closed the door softly and stood against it for many minutes without stirring. He turned up his collar so the white of his shirt would not betray him, pulled down his hat brim, and started to walk, slowly at first, silently, one arm out to ward him from obstructions. But he knew his way.

At several points he thought he heard footsteps behind him, but after stopping frequently to listen he decided it must be his imagination. For how could any one follow him in such thick blackness?

M. Pasdeloup's nerves were by now jumping and twisting like aborigines in a war dance. He began to run, hobbledy-hobbledy. He stumbled and fell several times. In due course, however, panting and almost sobbing, he reached the farm of M. Jarnier. The low, stone house was silent and dark. He pounded wildly on the door.

At last came a voice from within: "Come, come, what is all this noise? Who are you? What do you want?"

"Théodose, Théodose, it is I, Jules Pasdeloup. Let me in."

"What! You dare to come here? You dare disobey my instructions?" M. Jarnier spluttered incoherently in anger.

"Stop, Théodose, let me in. I must talk with you. You have influence, Théodose. You must help me to get away."

"Fool! Fool! Stop your shouting! Do you want the world to hear? Wait!"

The window slammed and presently the door opened on to an inky black room. M. Pasdeloup rushed in. So did a small army. When the excitement was over, the army boiled down to four men, two of whom each held a prisoner well pinioned, while the other two trained torches on the stricken Pasdeloup, the stunned Jarnier.

M. Pasdeloup found his voice. "Théodose, Théodose, believe me, I know nothing of this. I brought no one, no one could have followed me in the blackness. They must have been outside your house, Théodose——"

"Silence!" This was Denis Brisson. "Both of you, not one word. Etienne, find lights."

While the fourth man was searching for candles—the Jarnier farm had no electricity—Denis went on tauntingly: "So! No one could have followed you, eh, you filthy traitor! It might have been hard for us to keep up with you, perhaps, but you helped us. Show your dear friend and colleague."

The man holding Pasdeloup spun him round for Jarnier to see. On his back was a huge white V where he had leaned up against his door. A lucky happening this.

"We used paint to-night," Denis was saying with infinite loathing. "You cleaned off chalk too easily. Two of us followed you, and two of us have waited outside here for several nights."

THE double murder at the farm of M. Jarnier created little interest in Langres. The people were sated with violence, in deed and thought, and drugged with privations and oppressive rules. But the authorities had to investigate. And for some reason the Nazis in occupation at Langres thought it necessary to tag along.

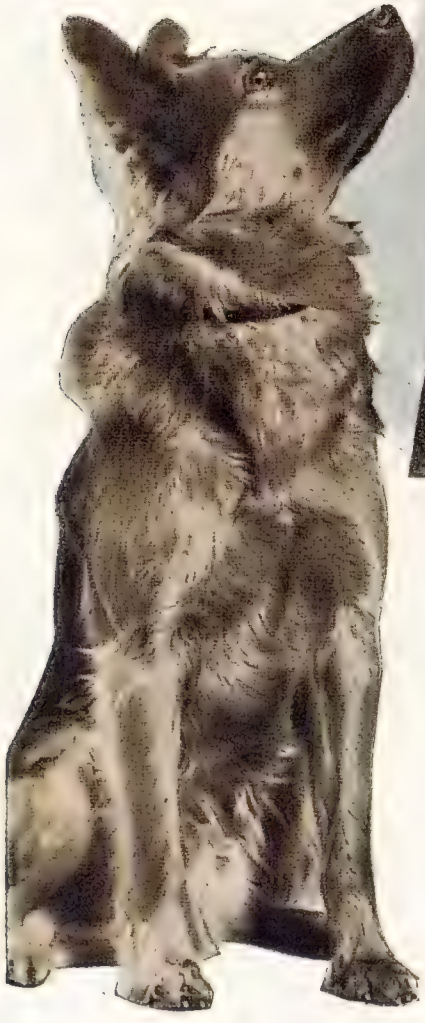
On the surface it looked very simple. Yet not simple. It was well known, for instance, that M. Pasdeloup and M. Jarnier had been friends. That Pasdeloup played chess at M. Jarnier's every Wednesday evening.

But had not the men quarrelled on the previous Saturday at the Café d'Onfroi? That would seem to preclude the likelihood of a game again so soon. Also, M. Jarnier, who lived alone—his wife being dead and his children married and living elsewhere—had been called from bed in the dead of night. He was clad in his nightshirt and old-fashioned tasselled stocking-cap when found. Both men had been cut almost to ribbons. In M. Jarnier's hand was a kitchen knife, in M. Pasdeloup's a heavy hunting knife—M. Jarnier's rabbit-skinning knife, said those who should know.

The most puzzling feature was that such an old man could have (*Continued on page 61*)

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

What, no Placket!



No lady, *no placket*, not an opening of any kind for undergarments to peep through. The "ZWOW" pocket is the answer to the conundrum. It replaces the old fashioned placket, and gives you a neat waist fastening with no buttons or metal gadgets to protrude and spoil the "line" over the hips. In short, another reason for your insisting upon "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Drapers and stores stock them in a variety of styles.

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put up such a stiff fight against Pasdeloup, even if the younger was crippled. Or that either could have lasted long enough to do such damage to the other.

Investigation led, of course, to the Café d'Onfroi. There were the French authorities, and the German, and all talked and much testimony was taken down concerning the quarrel between the two men. Old Mathilde Brisson never looked more fragile, was never more courteous, if coldly so, as they buzzed on and on.

At last she spoke up. She pointed out what was so obvious, that surely the quarrel had nothing to do with the café; that she had known M. Jarnier since childhood, that his death was a severe shock. . . .

"*Ah, les malheurs n'arrivent jamais seuls,*" she lamented, "troubles never come singly. My friend's horrible death, then your visit here. I have tried so hard to follow all rules. I won't be dishonest, I won't pretend I like your German rule," she told the Nazi delegation. "But—*c'est la guerre,*" she shrugged. "It is for one to make the best of the times. There is nothing else."

They had let her run on; she gained courage.

L'Affaire Française

"But, *messieurs,*" she said to the Nazis. "I don't understand why you should so interest yourselves. It was terrible, what happened. But M. Jarnier was French. M. Pasdeloup was French. The quarrel was only over chess. Surely, *messieurs, c'est l'affaire française*"

THERE was a time for tears and a time not for tears, Mathilde Brisson had told herself before the job was done.

As the last man left, she stood for a long time like a woman of stone. Then a long tremor convulsed her, strength failed, she sank into the nearest chair and buried her face in her hands. The tears came.

Her oldest friend in this life was gone. But it mattered not that some were friends and some not. There were right things in this world and there were wrong things. And the wrong things must be righted.

"Truly," she whispered into her wet fingers, "it was not an affair for the heart. Truly, *c'est l'affaire française.*"

END

Books (*Continued from page* 41)

A CHARMING study of modern young people in a luxury Long Island setting has escapist value in wartime, though their royal feasts may have a disturbing effect on rations. Mr. Herbert Whiting's "The Listeners" (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d.) is an admirable U.S. first-novel about a newly graduated college-eight stroke, Prentiss Hodge, who becomes—for the summer—tutor and companion to the young son of a rich psychiatrist and also loses his heart to the boy's sister Meg. But enigma stalks this Long Island paradise: Why is Dr. Massingley so detached from life? What was the secret of his wife's death? Why do the children so dislike their lovely Aunt Eve? The summer idyll merges into drama which makes a compelling story.

NOVELS about difficult marriages will, I suppose, always awaken sympathy in the feminine heart; and that is why Miss Ursula Bloom wrote "The Fourth Cedar" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), which shows a dean's daughter emerging from an unhappy young love to take a job as governess, and meeting, on holiday, a man married to a peevish wife in whom "the feet of clay showed, the heart of gold was cast iron." For love of him, Edith sacrificed reputation, braved village gossip, and even when they could marry there was still trouble and conflict. But in the end she returns to the family estate she knew as a young woman, and it is pleasant sitting in the garden, thinking back, dreaming.

LONDON'S blitz has certainly had a good fiction press. In "Enduring Adventure" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) Miss Norah James sites at the core of it a Bloomsbury pub and spins a clever story round the lives of a number of its patrons. We thus get a cross-section of wartime London, vividly characterized, in a tale of friendship, love, humour, and danger.

WHEN Major MacGregor, Intelligence officer in Mr. Robert Mason's "Arab Agent" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.), is told he has been chosen for a dangerous mission because he is enterprising and reckless, he strikes a common chord at the moment by retorting: No, he wants to live to the end of the war to "see whether the world will be a better place to live in. It has always been going to be after every war so far." The quest takes him into Northern Arabia, after an English traitor who is stirring up tribe-trouble for the Nazis, aided by an English brigadier's wife, a German woman agent, and an Arab.

TWO thrillers this month promise agreeable diversion. Mr. John Slate's "Black Maria, M.A." (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) has for sleuth a schoolmarm-headmistress, Maria Black, with a crime-puzzle hobby, who goes to America to mingle with Bowery toughs and prove that her brother's suicide was really near-murder, on the unusual assumption that someone singing a high C can snap a wire and fire off a gun.

Miss Pauline Warwick's "Death of a Sinner" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) is a well-written psychological study of a charming, plausible waster, gambler and sportsman, Col. Fitzherbert, ex-Russian campaigner, who captivates a rich widow and cashes in on her infatuation before meeting the sticky end he deserved. By whose hand? Well, his life was such that one or two more besides the widow's sons and a young Welshman whose girl he stole had cause to hate him; but there is more than a Who-done-it interest in this absorbing tale with its lovely Welsh setting of hills and vales, manors and farmsteads.

END

Personal Portrait (*Continued from page* 42)

ambitious sample, written at the age of ten: a drama of the Borgias (fittingly and luridly composed in a splash of scarlet, green and purple inks) bearing two agreeably pompous announcements on the title-page: "The author would like to apologize for any historical inaccuracies" and "The author would like to suggest the following cast: Matheson Lang, Isobel Elsom, Gladys Cooper, Owen Nares, Noel Coward, Godfrey Tearle, Marie Tempest and Jack Hulbert." Marie Tempest was allotted one line only, a line into which there is no doubt that she would have put a wealth of meaning: "Milk *and* sugar?"

While at Oxford, Rattigan was dramatic critic of the *Cherwell.*

He still reads plays in preference to anything else and still remains an inveterate theatregoer, partly from the deepest-dyed inclination and partly because he believes it necessary to keep in continuous touch with the contemporary stage. Before-the-war recreations included golf—taken seriously, with lessons and a study of golfing literature—and cricket; Rattigan played for Harrow at Lord's.

He is interested in people and likes to meet them—one or two at a time rather than *en masse,* less disturbing to a shy nature; has, very modestly, absolutely no sense of personal publicity (seldom photographed, keeps no book of gossip-column cuttings); dislikes getting up early; works in fits and starts, never to any fixed routine, and procrastinates when it comes to beginning a new task—an endearing weakness which brings this brilliant young man somewhere down to the level of most of us, if only at one point.

END

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"See You In Paris . . ."

(*Continued from page 15*)

flashing and rolling, clad in a loincloth of bananas, the audience sat up. She celebrated her twenty-first birthday by signing a £600-a-week contract.

She had other sources of income. Men gave her money and jewels while her vogue lasted. She had a mansion at Versailles, a pet chimp with a gold collar, mauve silk sheets on a huge Louis Quinze bed, and at parties she demanded "my cannibal sandwich," which was raw chopped meat with onions sandwiched between buttered wholemeal bread. But in time even Paris had enough of the Charleston and Black Bottom, and the years caught up with Jo.

Then Paris, caught in the world revolutionary whirlpool, spun around, unable to decide what it wanted, where it was going, or whether it was on the way anywhere. One night, I saw it begin to die again. In the night, under the tall dim lamps of the Place de la Concorde, men howled menaces at the gendarmes blocking them from the Chamber. Someone made a torch of an autobus, and the flare gleamed on brass helmets. The Republican Guards were cantering up. There was a shot, a volley, shrieks, oaths. Blood flowed on the Paris cobbles, French blood shed by Frenchmen. Stavisky, dying, had opened an artery in the body of the Third Republic.

Came the war and for a spell Paris buzzed with synthetic life.

When the Government fled, along with most of the inhabitants who could walk, cycle, drive or grab a car, and the Germans, having slept and shaved peacefully in the suburbs, nonchalantly walked in, not even troubling to post guards along the march route, the Parisians who had stayed suddenly understood that the Nazi bacilli had invaded a corpse. Paris had been dead on its feet since 1938. When did that Paris die? Probably it died with Stavisky, symbol of the corruption of its ruling clique.

The new, Nazi Paris looked pretty good to the collaborators, among whom were intellectuals, industrialists, civil servants, publishers, politicians, entertainers, criminals and plain adventurers. It looked good to the *couturiers* when Marshal Goering arrived, settled into the Luxembourg Palace, seat of the Senate, had it refurnished at a cost of 17,000,000 francs (paid for by mark notes printed in Paris on German presses, and exchanged for francs at the Bank of France), and told Lucien Lelong, president of the *couturiers'* syndicate, pleading on behalf of his colleagues and 100,000 Parisians employed by the *Haute Couture*, that they could hold their autumn show.

Goering and the generals attended and bought almost everything, Goering favouring especially Molyneux, Paquin and Maggy Rouff, and having his wife's gowns flown from Berlin "for size" (he had other companions in Paris). It was the *couturiers'* last fling. After that, austerity clamped down. No more silks or woollens. Standard patterns and no fancy weaves. Seventy per cent *ersatz* textile fibre to be woven into cloth and 60 per cent of all weaves reserved for Germany.

The honeymoon was over. Prices rose and quantities and qualities sank.

And now Paris is no longer gay even for black market barons, or key collaborators like the Marquis Melchior Polignac. The marquis, whose champagne Ribbentrop sold to Germany, has fitted steel doors in his mansion in the Rue Jean Goujon, and installed armed guards. But how long will these defences hold against the rising wave of new life lapping the old ramparts of Gaul's capital?

Paris to-morrow is going to be a very interesting city to meet in. But, gay? Perhaps not all at once.

END

The More It Changes

(*Continued from page 13*)

when Churchill decided to use the eighteen-year-olds—"The Young Guards"—on the Rhine and to release others of the forces at the rate of 20,000 a day. And no sooner had that been settled, than strikes broke loose—transport, miners, police. The country reverberated to strikes and it was said to come down to an issue of "the T.U.C. or anarchy." The troubles were associated with "alien agitators" and this stimulated a previous cry to "clear out all Huns and Bolsheviks." (Germans, it should be said, were already being released and were resuming their old jobs in our midst.)

A measure of the labour unrest was due to a discovery about National Government which had come about largely by the women's vote. Events gradually showed the real power to lie with Sir George Younger, Tory stage manager, and through him with the "old gang of Tory politicians." The man who won the war was even told at this early stage that he couldn't do that there 'ere. "Lloyd George overdoes it."

There was much ado about "limpets," the huge army of civil servants taken on during the war and hanging on, "making tea," while a resounding scandal broke loose over waste, particularly in the disposal of Government stores and property of all kinds. "The Press Bureau must go!" and "The rent scandal" were other highlights.

Quickly I turned the pages and found that the churches were "much worried by the growth of spiritualism." This was succeeded by "the scandal of the empty houses" and by a much publicized debate on V.D. in the House of Lords. As the first Easter of the new peace drew nigh, there arose a concerted demand for staggered holidays.

Foch gave solemn warning of the only way to prevent the Germans recommencing at a future date, and was paid scant heed to.

Much was written on the need for brighter cricket; also for "cakes and ale in brighter surroundings." And Billie Carleton took up more space than the peace conference. She and her dope, and any juicy murder, such as the case of Colonel X, and Landru. It was an interval of "dance dementia, jazzmania and dazzle balls" and right-thinking people wondered what we were all coming to. Home from France, Waacs demanded "dance frocks first." Fashions were "slip-on sack-like garments and either large hats or berets worn low over an eyebrow."

Sport returned with a whang. Australian Tests, Bottomley's colours, Tancy Lee, Lenglen, Inman. Four West End cinemas advertised respectively, Chaplin (*A Dog's Life*), Ivy Close (*The Irresistible Flapper*), Alma Taylor (*Comin' Thro' the Rye*) and Sessue Hayakawa (*Temple of Dusk*). Dread was expressed about the possible advent of talking pictures which would "ruin a fixed art form."

How much will be as we were in 1919 when this business ends?

Well, you have doubtless made comparisons while reading the foregoing, so there is no need to use up precious space recapitulating obvious resemblances. To some, the chief difference may appear to be that we have devised a new way of putting old things.

That there is a new spirit abroad, making for greater give and take under a fair democratic system, brooks of no argument. Yet, parallel to it, is a deep cynicism or, at least, a profound belief that every inch of the way will have to be fought against undue privilege and influence—the notorious "They." Mass surveys even foretell a rooted intention to plan for "Number One," or self, in anticipation of hopes foundering in post-war muddle and struggle.

Such cynicism in advance is something new, and, I think, a good thing. But if the psychologists should be equally right in forecasting that a great number will "sit back and have a good rest when the guns cease," that would be 1919 over again, only with "good rest" substituted for "good time."

END

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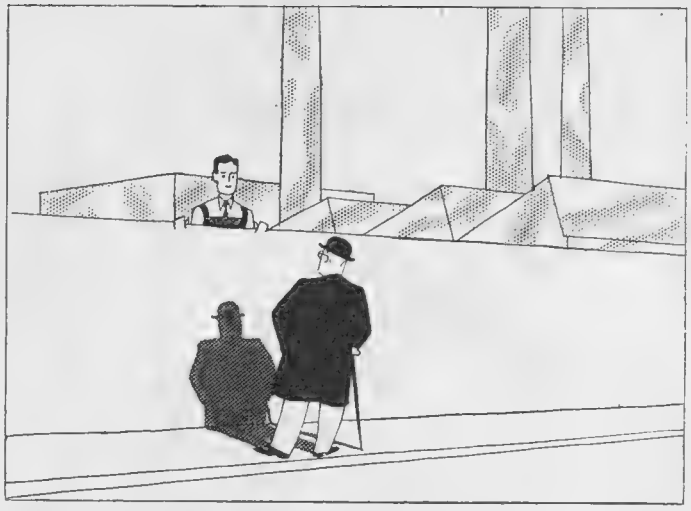

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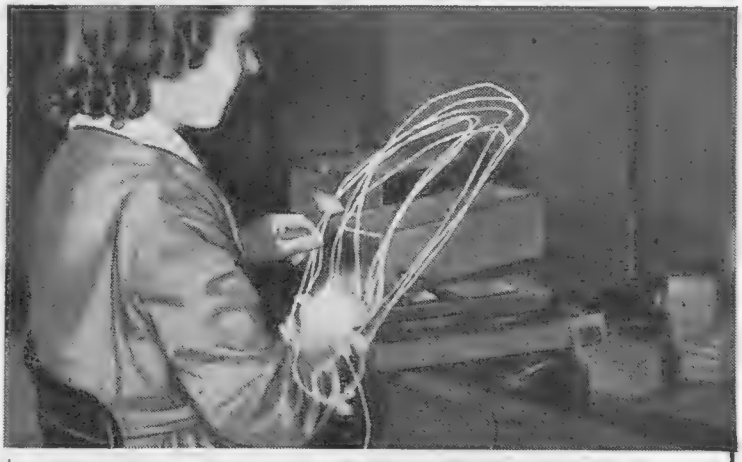

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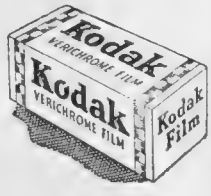

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A POWELL DUFFRYN Product

A Life To Keep Going

(*Continued from page* 16)

boy aboard her, a boat that was expected to be used at any moment. My surprise increased as I let my eyes travel over her, and saw that from truck to keel (some of her mast hoops were obviously new) she was, allowing for age, as shipshape as the day she was built —probably in the little town a few miles down and across the tidal river, where, the boast is that every man-jack in the town was a shipwright. Under her stern I saw the name *Resolve*.

A few nights later, coming down from London, I was introduced to the skipper of a "three-master." This was in the local pub, near the railway station, where the owner of the hackney motor-car was waiting for me. This skipper, in a neat double-breasted blue suit, with the conventional low-necked sailor's jersey, was an immense figure of a man, with about eight inches between his jawbones. It was a grand face, calm, confident, with a broken nose, and just those placid blue eyes that you would expect to find in a man whose life it had been to sail his own successful sailing ships back and forth between the country ports of Devon and Wales.

He was a St. Bernard of a man, and with him was his mate, who, by comparison, was a pert and very self-sufficient wire-haired terrier. They had been discussing: was it, or was it not, the proper time to put out tomato seedlings, for there had been an unexpected frost in these parts. I was amused to watch the expression on the face of two American army sergeants, gazing at the monolithic bulk of the big captain. His hand was about the size of a ham, and hard as a turtle's back.

But to any one who has the good fortune to live on or near the lovely Devon coast this surprise is also almost continuous.

I am definitely not one of those intellectuals whose semi-profession it is to rave, in print, about the beatitudes and the rich worth of English rustic life. The kind that thinks he's the hell of a chap when he sits down in the country pub to have a pint with the "locals." I think the ordinary English village, inch for inch and head for head, holds dismayingly more intrigue, pettiness, sheer perverse meanness than any comparable area, or heart, in London. And since the war, when nearly all the good men have been drained off, this is incontestably worse. There will always be one or two people of course whom you will like, even become very fond of. You would be a queer man yourself, if you did not make some good friends. But a man is a fool who knowingly submits his life and daily doings to the prying eyes of any village street. Life in the lovely English countryside must be lived in the *country*. And you must be above the village inquisition.

Nor do I claim that the men who handle these small sailing ships are a bunch of angels, either. But there is unquestionably *something* in this daily contact with the sea, the very team-work, I suppose, that is part and parcel of making a living from it, that makes such men more tolerable—even attractive. And I believe that this breed, living and working along the coast, should be perpetuated. In all the various post-war plans their lives will be such a minute consideration, compared to, say, the workers or the agricultural labourers, that the chances are that no specific provision will be made at all to give them any secure economic base. This has already happened in the Shetlands, along the Irish coast, and, indeed, along almost the entire coastline of England. The big steam trawlers have wiped out the coastal fishing village just as remorselessly as they have obliterated practically all good coastal fishing grounds. A glut of small cargo steamers, such as followed last war, means cheap freights that have nearly spelt the death of all sailing ships. The faithful old red-sailed Thames barge will, I believe, continue to exist long after the coastal schooners and ketches lie rotting on the mud.

But, thinking of the three or four river towns near which I live, I know it would be a grand thing for the moral health of the community, if some economic reason could be found (or made) to keep these coastal sailing craft in full employment. The men who man them are really sound timber themselves in the ship of English life. An island race can ill afford to lose them.

END

A Chapter From Medieval History

(*Continued from page* 29)

In Grafton village, too, we can still see the little private chapel of the Manor House, in which they were married secretly on May 1, 1464. The doors of the building were locked, and only the seven persons inside knew what was happening.

There were four women, and three men.

The bride was there with her mother—the stately Duchess of Bedford—and two women friends. There was no best man, but a frightened serving lad was brought in to help the priest to sing.

The king remained a short time at the Manor with his bride but he did not acknowledge her as his wife until Michaelmas, and he only did so then because his supporters were urging him to marry.

Elizabeth's day of triumph came on Whit-Sunday (May 26, 1465), when she was crowned queen in Westminster Abbey before an enormous crowd. The great church was packed with peers and peeresses in their gorgeous robes, but there were dark looks on some faces, as many of the Yorkist lords were furiously aggrieved. This wedding between a Yorkist king and a great Lancastrian lady should have healed the feud and ended the Civil War, but it did nothing of the kind.

Edward fully expected trouble from Warwick, and tried to build up his wife's family as a counterpoise to the "King-maker."

Although long threatened, the storm did not break until five years after Elizabeth's wedding. Then everything seemed to happen at once. Robin of Redesdale headed a revolt in the north, defeated the king's forces, and captured and killed the queen's father and her eldest brother. Armed men broke into the king's bedchamber at dead of night, bound him with cords and carried him to Warwick Castle, the stronghold of the "King-maker."

But Edward was a better man than any of his foes. He escaped, and placed himself at the head of his army. Warwick and Clarence —neither of whom was remarkable for bravery—fled overseas and did not return until Edward's troops had revolted and attempted to seize the person of the king. As they were marching towards the house where Edward was sleeping, a faithful friend —at the risk of his life—warned the king, and he left the house half dressed and embarked at Lynn with a few faithful friends.

Meanwhile poor Elizabeth was left in London, and the capital was at the mercy of her enemies. Soon Warwick entered London and placed the deposed King Henry on the throne in place of Edward, but he was unable to seize Elizabeth and her children as they had found sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where even Warwick dared not touch them. He surrounded the building with armed men, who had orders to seize her if she ventured out, but this siege came to a speedy end when Edward again entered London with a new army, and deposed the unfortunate Henry, who was soon after murdered. There was a great battle at Barnet, in which Edward won an overwhelming victory. Warwick tried to escape, but was slain.

Elizabeth enjoyed twelve years of peace after this, but her husband died at the early age of forty-two, leaving his brother Richard guardian of his two children, Edward and Richard, until they should become of age. Elizabeth rightly distrusted Richard, who was the perfect example of a wicked uncle, so she (*Continued on page* 66)

How to prepare strained vegetables

when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 2. SPINACH

1 Be sure to remove the stalks from the spinach and wash each leaf carefully in several waters, until free from all grit. Put into saucepan without water.

2 Cook over a moderate heat in a closely covered pan for about 15 minutes (young summer spinach takes about 10 minutes), shaking and stirring occasionally. When cooked, drain and press through a sieve.

3 Start baby on strained vegetables during the 5th month—a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. In the 6th month, the two o'clock feed should consist entirely of vegetables with milk afterwards. Mothers welcome Brand's Baby Foods, because they are the best thing baby can have for his first solid food. Unfortunately, the demand exceeds the supply, so your chemist or grocer may occasionally be out of stock.

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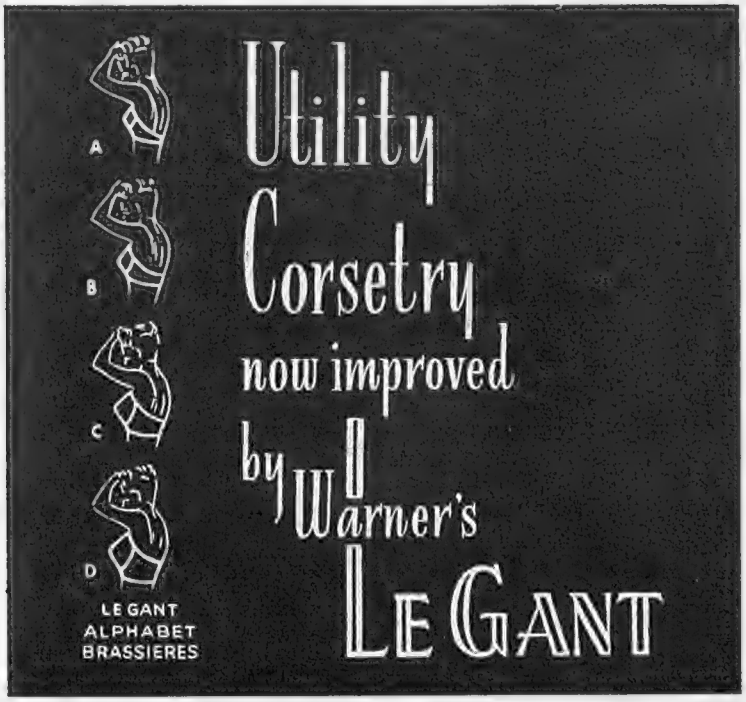

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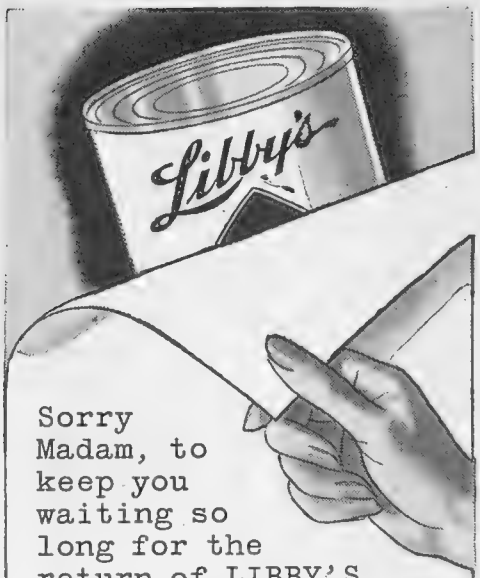

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placed her son Edward, who was now the young king, in the care of her two brothers, but all three were captured by Richard's forces, and the young king was lodged in the Tower, where his younger brother soon joined him.

Poor Elizabeth was forced again to take sanctuary.

She had good reason for her terror, for her two sons were fated to be the "two little princes" who were smothered in the Tower by order of their wicked uncle Richard. The elder was only twelve.

Soon Richard made himself king, and not long after his wife died. He then proposed to marry poor Elizabeth's daughter, but this monstrous proposal was scouted by his own supporters, and when the murder of the little princes became known, there was a revolt against him, and he was defeated and slain at the Battle of Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485.

The last years of Elizabeth's life were happy and peaceful. Her daughter married the new king, Henry VII, and presently Elizabeth had the joy of becoming godmother to a little prince who was her grandson and heir to the throne.

Soon after another little prince was born, and he afterwards became that famous monarch Henry VIII and father of "Good Queen Bess," the greatest queen that has ever reigned in England.

In her old age Elizabeth retired to the holy calm of the convent of Bermondsey, and there she peacefully ended her much tried life.

END

A Chapter From Medieval History

When The Earth Trembles

(*Continued from page* 25)

to an eye-witness who visited the city three weeks afterwards there were then "no signs of streets, lanes, squares, etc., but hills and mountains of rubbish still smoking."

The shock of this earthquake was felt over an area of some 1,300,000 square miles, or more than a third of Europe. Inland waters 1,000 miles from Lisbon were rocked by the earthquake waves which rushed round the world faster than the swiftest bullet. At Rotterdam, 1,125 miles from the scene of the earthquake, the rocking of the water in canals and rivers was so great that buoys were broken from their chains and even large vessels snapped their cables. The chandeliers in churches, a thousand and more miles from Lisbon, were also oscillated by the trembling of the earth from this great 'quake.

During this earthquake a number of people fled for safety to a large newly-built quay in the mouth of the Tagus. It was made of coarse marble and was very strong. Suddenly the river rose nearly twenty feet and then rapidly subsided. At the same moment the quay sank out of sight with all the people who had fled to it for safety.

All the boats and small vessels near the quay were sucked under with it and no sign of a wreck or a body was ever seen again. When the spot where the quay had stood was examined a few days later, no trace of it could be found. It appears that the ground immediately below the quay had opened up and sucked under everything which had been in the vicinity.

The most severe earthquake this country has ever experienced was on April 22, 1884. The immediate area of this 'quake was Colchester, but the shaking was felt throughout nearly the whole of England.

The shock lasted for about five seconds. That may not sound long, but it is more than long enough to any one who has experienced the giddy, nauseating sensation of the earth rocking them to and fro like a giant terrier shaking a human rat.

END

Hurry up with my clothes...

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Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

F35/BE/E.

No Place Like Home

(*Continued from page* 32)

heap of straggling arms and legs, a frying-pan neatly swung hit him squarely on the back of his head, making the corridor ring like a gong.

"Hey, Sally!" he yelled. "Stop Vera!"

"Stop her yourself, you hound," Sally said, from the door, "and ring up the management, or something. Hurry!"

"Joe, old man," said Bill, sadly. "You're plastered."

"Of course I am. I wanna marry that girl."

"You want to go fishing," his fiancée of years standing corrected.

"I wanna marry that girl," said Joe. "And," he added with pathos, "will she? No."

"You great lover of fish," Vera cried, "you come to my flat and sneak in and start smashing windows, and——"

"Just one moment, please," the doctor put in, stepping over the legs, on his way out. "Good night, Mrs. Burnett. They're moving the patient."

"Good night," said Sally and Vera.

"Good night," added Bill.

"If I wanna smash a window," Joe argued, "I smasher window."

A stretcher emerged from the Burnetts' flat, halting at the shambles on the carpet.

"Are you two louts going to play on the floor all night?" Sally demanded.

Bill pushed to his feet. He felt slightly dazed. As he straightened up, someone thrust a rose bowl in his face. It was then he noticed that the police seemed to have arrived. Doors were opening all along the corridor: it looked like full-house boards for the Burnetts.

"Is this your bowl, sir?" a sergeant asked.

He jerked a finger at his brother still on the floor. "It's a wedding present for him."

Joe snatched the bowl and leapt to his feet with a howl. "It belongs to her. To us," he yelled. "The girl I'm going to marry." Vera backed away from this Turk towards the flat.

"Is that right, Vera?"

"Yes, Joe," she said.

"And is it okay with the windows?"

"Yes, Joe!"

"Well," said Bill's young brother, glaring round, "what the hell is every one hanging round for?" He passed with dignity into Vera's flat and closed the door.

"Mind your back, sir," said the ambulance man to Bill, and the cortège began to move.

The sergeant coughed. "We found this man climbing down the fire escape with the bowl," he said.

Bill turned to examine the figure the police held up between them. "Pipe down!" he yelled at his old Harley Street crony.

The man stopped singing. "Didn't know I'd got it under my arm," he said. "Mish-understanding." He tried to wave an arm and almost fell.

"Take him home," he said to the cops.

"He can give no account of himself. Doesn't know where he lives."

"Throw him out into the street."

"My toilet set!" recalled Sally. "Oh, oh! My toilet set!"

"How did he get into your flat, sir?"

"He just walked in through the fire escape."

"No one answered bell," said Bill's friend. "Not sociable."

Just then a shriek arose from the stretcher. "*Vernon!*" a voice cried. "My husband."

"My wife," Bill's companion confirmed. "Going to have a baby."

"My toilet set!" Sally sobbed. "Ask him what he's done with it. Oh, don't let him go!"

Miss Parsons emerged from the Burnetts' door. "I cleared your dressing-table, dear," she said. "Your things are in the drawer. I thought we should be needing your room."

Sally drew a long breath and let it out slowly. "Nice of you," she acknowledged.

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An important item in the hygiene of the home is the toilet paper you choose. It should be of the softest; it should be hygienic. **SOFTEX** is soft, absorbent, hygienically prepared for safety. Ask for **SOFTEX** next time.

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No Place Like Home

Miss Parsons picked her way neatly through the throng and disappeared.

"Okay, every one," Bill said. "Break it up. Show's over."

The police and the ambulance passed into the lift and with them went Bill's pot companion, now giving voice once more. The lift gates slammed.

"Darling," said Bill, inside his home once more. "Here I am."

"Sweetie-pie, how I've missed you!"

"Honeysuckle! Not like I've missed you, my Little Nightingale!"

"My Lamb," breathed Sally. "You have? My Golden-throated Linnet! My Soul's Delight!"

"Just keep your mouth still for a minute," begged Bill. "And let me kiss you."

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

Seventeen and sixpence is the price they are charging to clean a summer ermine cape, and they can work miracles with remodelling. A friend of mine let me have a twenty-year-old black sealskin coat, and this has been remodelled into the smartest little box jacket with squared-out shoulders, neat, clean-cut lines, and slit pockets. The lining was made from an old slipper satin evening jacket, and the whole thing cost me twelve guineas. Cleaning, remodelling, and renovating can be done fairly quickly in the summer, whereas it takes weeks, or even months, during the winter.

END

New Neckline

(*Continued from page* 36)

straight until there are no sts. left. Work other 58 sts. the same.

THE RIBBED PIECES AT NECK (2 alike)

Cast on 6 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib, and cast on 6 sts. at beg. of every other row until there are 30 sts. Work straight until there are 15 ins. along longest edge. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left. Work a fringe into the points.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 80 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib and work an inch straight. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams, and shoulder seams (front ribbed pieces should correspond at their casting on to casting off of back). Sew these ribbed pieces down on to edge of neck. Tie in a knot. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

Short-sleeved Jacket

(*Continued from page* 36)

until armhole is 6 ins. round curve. Cast off 12 sts. at centre edge. K. 2 next this casting off, on every row until there are 35 sts. Work a few rows straight to make armhole 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row 5 times. Work other side the same.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, but when there are 4 ins. worked make a buttonhole as follows: Starting at right edge of work, work 4 sts., cast off 3, work to end. **Next row.**—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 sts., turn, work to end. Rep. this buttonhole every 2 ins. until armholes are decreased.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 120 sts. Work the patt. for 4 rows, now continue patt. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 104 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKET

Cast on 30 sts. Work the patt. for 30 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on pocket and buttons and collar.

Valstar
'66'
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
In normal times the best shops have "66". Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.
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SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is that of **"Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck,"** but there are many others, often more difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances, therefore women between 40-50, troubled with any of these signs are, if anxious, advised to consult their doctor. Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:

"Nerves," Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

MENOPAX

is an up-to-date medicine for such conditions prescribed by doctors.

Obtainable in two sizes only—5/7½ and 11/3—from Boots, Timothy White, Taylors and most chemists, without prescription.

An interesting book **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by—

Clinical Products Ltd., 23f Thames House, 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey

Time Out (*Continued from page 28*)

"Mine always does. Efficiency."

"I like efficiency," she said.

"My!" he said. "We're getting on."

He pulled something out of his pocket.

"Have one?" he asked.

He pressed into her hand something cold and hard.

"Do I eat it?" she said.

He laughed. It was a very pleasant easy laugh.

She looked at him for the first time.

He was very young, very bronzed. She liked the laughter in his eyes.

"No. Not chewing gum," he said. "Something more lasting. A souvenir."

"You remind me of Emperor Jones," she said.

He took the allusion.

"Except that I'm not a negro, and the bullet's not silver."

"I don't know why I said it," she said. "I'm not used to talking to strange men."

"Now, don't come over all coy. We're getting on so well."

"Sorry," she said. "We are, aren't we?"

Soon they were in the darkness. He drew a little closer.

"Do you mind?" he said softly.

Indeed she was surprised to find how little she minded.

Very deftly he had somehow managed to put his arm round her waist before she realized what was happening.

She found it very comforting in her present state of disquiet.

"You don't have to do that," she said, "I've paid for my own seat."

"You don't have to say that," he replied. "You know you like it."

He relapsed into silence but made no effort to remove his arm. Indeed he seemed almost imperceptibly to tighten his grip.

"Now say you're lonely," she said.

He relaxed his hold a little, obviously caught unprepared.

"But I am lonely. All soldiers are. Why did you say that?"

"I thought you wanted helping along in the flicks convention. You mustn't make a false move."

"You're like a cold shower."

"No, just ignorant, that's all. I don't want to put you off your stroke. You see, I'm not used to being picked up. Let me see, how does it go? First you accost the maiden. 'Please may I sit next to you?' No harm in that. Discreet interval. Then you offer her a piece of chewing gum."

"Bullet."

"Sorry, bullet. Maiden accepts gift from strange man. The undermining of morale has begun. Discreet interval. The next move needs a lot of practice. Arm round the waist."

"Sometimes it's a stealthy movement to grasp a hand, or a light tap on the knee."

"I see. You left out two moves that need only be used on the very shy. Thank you for skipping those. Surely the next move is the bid for pity. 'I'm lonely.'"

"You'd make a good Beatrice."

"I thought soldiers were illiterate."

"That's the rumour spread by the Army Education Corps. Even lovers sometimes read."

"Lovers?"

"'Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?'"

"Must you? I hate 'literary gents.'"

"'Love's no worse for starting with a little aversion.' Mrs. Malaprop."

"You don't have to tell me. You can't even quote correctly, Mr. Malaprop."

"Call me Frank."

"Why?"

"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism——"

"Can't you ever speak a straight sentence?"

"I love you."

"On the strength of my waistline?"

"On the shine of your hair and the scent of it, on the neatness of your figure, your slender legs, the blue of your eyes——"

"Are you a farmer?"

"Why?"

"I feel like a heifer in the market. Where's your stick?"

"Stick?"

"A bit obtuse, aren't you? To poke me in the ribs. What am I worth?"

"A price beyond rubies."

"I feel more than ever like a girl in the slave-market. All men are Turks under the skin."

"And women like them to be. You can't change human nature. What's wrong with me?"

"I haven't gone into it. I'm not an auctioneer to catalogue your virtues. Your voice is pleasant. You're probably good-looking. I don't like good-looking men. You're not shy."

"Would you have me be? If I were we shouldn't have met."

"Would that have been so great a loss?"

"To me, yes."

"I'm not accustomed to a world of pretty speeches. I don't like them. They're the sign of a vacant mind."

"I've got a rough side to my tongue too."

"'After they are wed'—sorry."

"What are you sorry about?"

"It's catching—this 'literary gent' stuff. I began a quotation. It's a pity we can't speak naturally as man to man."

"We're not oysters. We can't change our sex; anyway I don't want you to change yours."

"I'm glad you're content anyway. Isn't your arm getting tired."

"It's never felt less so. It's been waiting to embrace you for thirty years."

"Don't you ever eat?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"A bit obtuse, aren't you?"

"Dazzled with your beauty I'm worse than obtuse. I'm dumb. I take it you mean you're hungry."

"I'm always hungry, but I didn't mean that."

"I meant that you can't take your meals with one arm round my waist."

"If you were sitting on my lap I could."

"I don't usually sit on gentlemen's laps while I eat."

"Then it'll be a novel experience for you. What are you laughing at? Have I said anything funny?"

"Curiously enough, no. It was the picture."

"Oh, that. I've not been attending."

"You're telling me."

Daphne found it irresistibly funny. There on the screen was her own husband, acting one of his insignificant parts, at a quid a day, with his arm round the waist of one of the chorus girls, dancing.

Poor Paul, and he had so longed to be a great film actor. Always missing the boat; that was what made him so bad tempered, or perhaps he got his kick out of life as she was getting hers now, in waist encirclement of strangers.

Curious what a thrill it gave one to be embraced by a stranger. An ironic commentary on loyalty and all that.

Well—well. Life was far too complicated at the moment to treat it seriously.

She was recalled from her reverie by the soldier.

"Rather pointless, I think," he said. "I hate musicals, anyway."

"Then why come?"

"I followed you in. I'd missed the train. If you're hungry let's go."

She missed the implication of his second sentence in the excitement of answering his invitation to the third.

"A very good idea."

It wasn't until they had reached the coffee and brandy stage of the excellent dinner provided by the "Mitre." Then she suddenly remembered it.

"You're a man after my own heart," she said. "I like people who like their food."

"You're a girl after my own heart. When you dance, dance. When you eat, eat. When you talk, talk. When you love, love. As St. Paul said, there's a time and a place for everything."

"I'm not sure that St. Paul would approve of the interpretation you put on his most excellent advice, but if the time has come for talking——"

"It hasn't. The time has come for making love, and that can better be conducted without speech. There are no words."

Daphne blushed very becomingly.

"You are a very direct young man. Perhaps as a prelude to love, mind you, I only say 'perhaps,' it would be as well to have our talk out. We've discovered that you're not a duke and I'm not a dairymaid, that you're on embarkation leave——"

"And that you are, like all your sex, a complete mystery."

"That's only because you, like all your sex, prefer to talk about yourself. No woman does. There's just one preliminary. In a way it's important."

"Don't tell me you're married, that would break my heart."

"I am married. Don't let it break your heart. It's not of the least importance. What is important is this. I heard you say just before we left the cinema that you'd missed your train."

"Well, there's nothing important in that."

"Except the fact that you wouldn't have met me if you hadn't. Go on."

"There's nothing to go on about. The truth is, and you might as well know the worst about me if we're going to get together, the truth is that from my earliest childhood I've always been vague about time. I used to be flogged at school. I never got to class in time. I was always late for everything. I simply couldn't cure myself. I've never been able to treat time seriously. My wife tells me that the only thing I shan't be late for is my own funeral."

Daphne laughed merrily.

"Your laughter is like the chiming of silver bells," he said. "But that's the second time, and on neither occasion can I see the point."

"Your wife?" echoed Daphne, still laughing.

"Yes. She's not of the least importance. Don't bother about her."

"I wasn't."

"Then what were you laughing about?"

"It would take too long to tell. I thought you didn't want to talk. It's a theory I've got about time."

"Time? Haven't I just said that time means nothing to me?"

"Yes, that's just it, you 'literary gent.' Do you remember a poem by Herrick, 'To Virgins, To make much of time.'"

The soldier got up.

"I think I'm beginning to get a glimmering. Sit still. I'm going to book a room."

"You'll be lucky. In any event, I'm not a virgin."

"That's no reason why we shouldn't make much of time. We've got so little. I'm on embarkation leave. Don't run away."

"I never felt less like it. Don't be long."

As she watched him stride down the room her eyes glowed.

If only either of them had learnt to be punctual, she thought. What a good thing, she thought, that there are still people left who . . .

She saw him beckon to her from the doorway.

"Just coming," she said, and this time she came at once.

END

1.8.44

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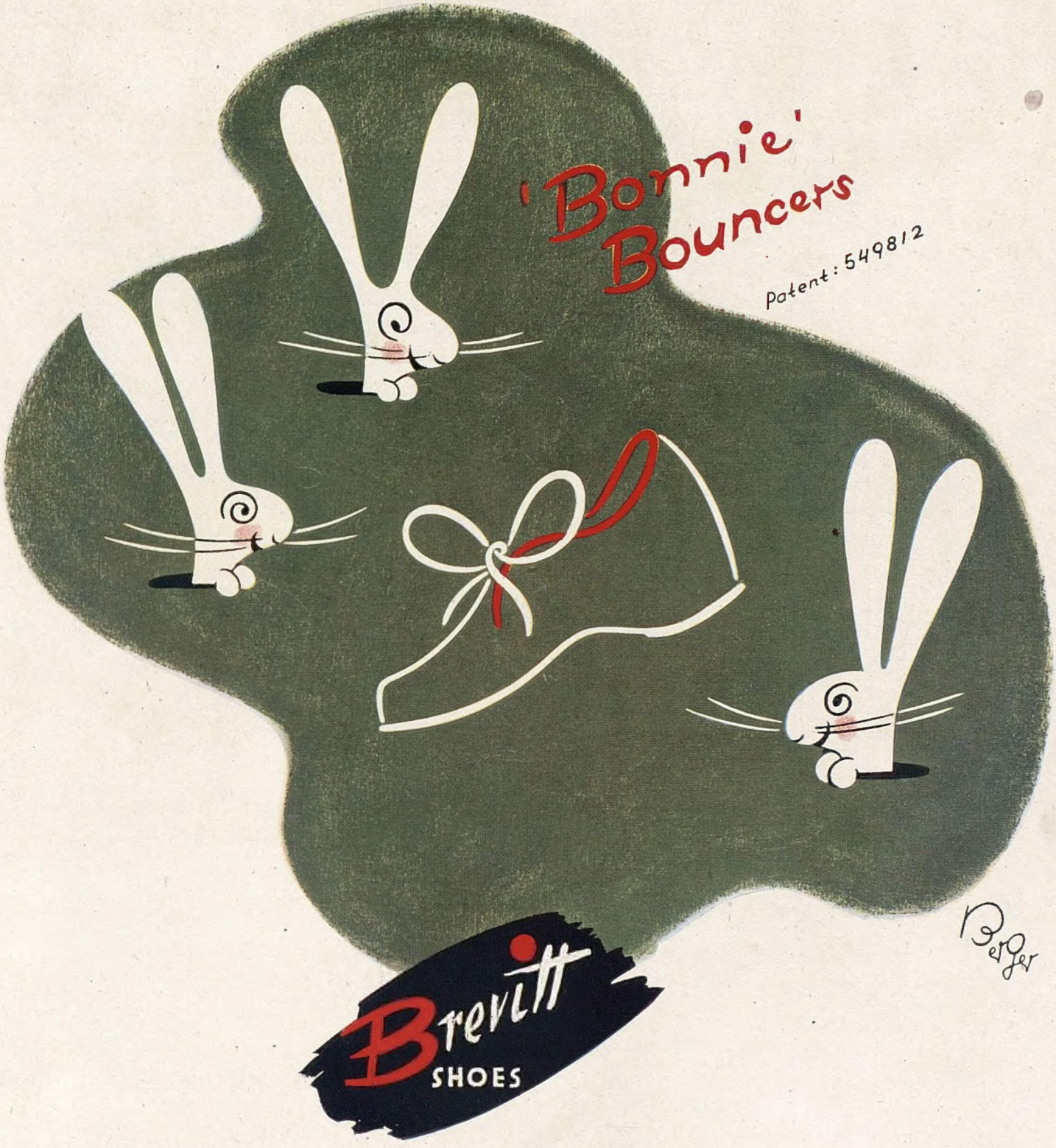

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